

THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

No. 12.

LONDON, TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1828.

Price 7d.

[No. VIII. of the Sketches of Contemporary Authors—PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY—will be given in our next.

MORAL CONDITION AND INFLUENCE OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

By M. Jony, Member of the French Academy.

THE word female (*femina*) seems to derive its etymology from the word family (*familia*), since woman is the common centre of all families, the source of the generations of men, and the universal link of human beings. If viewed in a purely physical light, woman presents a variety of anomalies, which require an investigation separately by themselves. She gives life, and she leads to death; her purity is the great support of morality, and the very ground-work of society; and her profligacy enervates the courage of men, and depraves the morals of the community. Possessing equally the power of good and evil, of love and hatred, of pleasure and of pain, she becomes the *vis insita*, the regulator, and the perturbing force in the whole system of human nature; in short, it would not be difficult to prove, that virtue and vice, heroism and dishonour, the qualities of the head and the heart, are the work of her hands, and that a being so feeble is, even from the very debility of her organization, more liable to adopt every impression, to lend herself to all the sensations of the heart and mind, and to increase their energy and elevation by means of her exquisite sensibility.

From the endless pliability of the female character, and the imitative quality annexed to it, as well as that extreme versatility which complies with every modification of manners, arises a contradictory creature, which is incapable of definition, and distinct discrimination. With women every thing is easy, variable, and fleeting, and the most attentive observer would fail to follow her through the maze of her different metamorphoses. In the harems of the East, she is a voluptuous houri; among the savage tribes she is a slave; she is a timid domestic among the Indians; a female warrior among the Spartans; a companion, mistress, or queen, in the civilized communities of modern Europe. At one period, her courage arises from timidity; at another, her weakness becomes heroism. Neither virtue nor vice constitutes the essence of her character, as she becomes impregnated in a manner with the colours that surround her, like theameleon, and imparts to them that grace and vivacity which are essential to her own existence. Accordingly, the history of women, in the different regions of the earth, presents such strange and striking contrasts, that we might be naturally led to imagine they were not beings of the same nature. They are formed and fashioned by human institutions, and in their turn they give the tone to those institutions themselves. Corruption of morals uniformly begins with them; and yet from the same source are derived the exquisite sense of perfection, the force of moral sentiment, generosity, elevation of mind, and, above all, that social politeness which is the true test of civilization. When women become degraded, society wastes away; Messalina is the emblem of declining Rome, but Cornelia represents her in the fulness of her glory and virtue.

The primitive condition of women, among the savage tribes, is, like that of their males, hard and precarious. Equally exempt from violent pleasures and moral anxieties, woman in the savage state perpetuates the species, suckles the infant, follows her husband to the wars, and prepares for

him his food and subsistence. In this state, she is respected as useful, and protected as necessary; but the cares and assiduities of love, and all the charms of domestic life, are totally foreign to her, as they are also to the warrior and hunter, who is the master of her person. Her quality as a mother is her only title to the affections of her husband, and the ground of her public estimation; and, accordingly, we find, that among savage nations, the most injurious term, and the most bitter insult, that can be addressed to an enemy, is to compare him to a barren woman, or to one that has ceased to be fruitful.

The social, or rather anti-social, state that constitutes savage life, lasts but a short time, and easily diverges into a theocratic system of government. This happens when the priests have established a belief that they have an immediate communication with their Fetiches, a persuasion which enables them to lord it over their chieftains and warriors themselves. It is on this occasion that the sway of women begins, simultaneously with the empire of superstition, and that the supernatural ideas annexed to religion so forcibly impel the female character. All religions, though not all sects, have begun with women. They have been, in their turns, Pythian priestesses, sorceresses, and *devedarassies*, under the Egyptian theocracy; they have uttered oracles among the ancient Romans, and have performed miracles, and flung themselves on the flaming piles of India, at the command of the Brahmins. Such are the necessary effects of a very sensitive organization; one that is in a manner *sharpened*, according to the ingenious expression of Galen. Every impression, with them, becomes a power; every emotion, a convulsive moment; and every passion, a transport. Under the priestly governments of Egypt and India, the lot of women, in private life, did not rise above the level of a humble companion, honoured as a mother, but entirely subject to the will of the husband, living in a manner by means of his life, and in the higher castes constrained by religion to sacrifice herself on his tomb. In this state of things, certain virtues are allowed to the women, such as devotion and attachment, self-denial, and a pious reverence for their ancestors, the only qualities required from females by the Vedas, and other sacred volumes of the Hindoos. Amongst barbarous nations, in which force regulates everything, the females are reduced to a state of the most ignominious slavery, and are regarded merely as objects of pleasure and sensuality. In this order of things, they form the principle texture in the great and sweeping net of oppression, which the Koran has spread over the greatest part of the globe.

The geographical position of Greece between Europe and Asia, its happy climate, and the peculiar period in which its heroes existed, combining with the epoch of the formation of its republican governments, gave a marked and distinctive character to the female sex in Greece. It borders in one part on the seclusion and privacy of the oriental nations, and in the other, on moral superiority and the higher degree of refinement that results from improved civilization. This combination of heroism and humility, severity and grace, constitutes the essential character of the females of ancient Greece. They were adored as beauties, respected as mothers, and beloved as citizens and members of the state; but as the Ionian manners bordered too much on the Asiatic system, an entire independence could not be

safely allowed to the females in their intercourse with the world.

This ardent passion for pleasure, and their natural inclination for a voluptuous life, which the sage matrons of the Gynæceum endeavoured to repress, could not fail to exhibit themselves in the retirement and privacy in which they were condemned to live. There was one class of Grecian females which arose in the commonwealth, who contrived to shake off this honourable yoke of reserve and restraint: this was the *Etairai*, (companions or friends,) who assembled in their voluptuous mansions, a Pericles, a Socrates, and an Alcibiades. But accustomed as we are to the routine of modern manners, we find it difficult to form a due idea of so strange and unusual a combination as that of virtue and indolence, the exclusive privilege of women of virtue, and a refined taste, a spirit of independence, and an elegant voluptuousness, which became in these *Etairai* a title to public consideration and respect.

In proportion as society refines and improves, the condition of females is ameliorated and advanced in importance. Between the state of the Athenian mistress of Pericles, and that of the female savage who suckles her infant under the shade of the oak of the desert, the distance is immense; but this distance is still more considerably enlarged, between the obscurity and privacy of the Grecian females, and the state of the lofty queen-like ladies of our modern times.

In tracing the progress of female improvement in the classical ages, we may observe that the Roman women, in the early periods of the commonwealth, enjoyed more liberty than those of Greece, and displayed virtues of greater eminence and energy. The females of Sparta, however, form an exception to this general rule.

The grand moral revolution operated by the spirit of Christianity, produced very visible effects on the character and condition of the female sex. A whole train of virtues made their appearance unknown to the ancient world, and to Christianity we must ascribe the sublime attributes of charity, religious devotion, and exaltation of mind, as well as compassion and regard for weakness and infirmity, which owe their origin to the influence and efforts of the female devotees. The exclusive reign of mere physical force was at an end, and intrepidity of mind and intellectual vigour were balanced by opposite and humbler attributes. A virgin, a mother, and a celestial patroness, became the objects of adoration, and a total change took place in the moral sentiments of mankind. If we examine with attention the causes of the confusion that prevailed in the middle ages, we shall be able to discover in them the secret germ of that refined gallantry which has flourished in modern times, and the extinction of which will probably be witnessed by the present generation.

The northern parts of Europe have always produced less women than men; and the barbarian warrior of those frozen regions being attached to the one and only female of his choice, for the possession of whom he was often obliged to fight, beheld, with a sort of veneration, the companion that he had won by the price of his blood, and whose care and attention animated and upheld his courage. These sentiments of the north found their way into Rome, Constantinople, and Gaul, during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, and were amalgamated with the Christian opinions which were already established in those places. From that moment the power of women

commenced, and discovered its strength; it was then that Italy, Gaul, Spain, Germany, and England—and, in a word, all Europe, except the Bosphorus, now become the prey of Mohammed and his Arabians, converted to the Koran by the sword—recognised in the freedom of women, their influence over manners, and their title to share in the honours and affluence enjoyed by their mates. The Salic law of France, however, imposed a slight restriction on this community of interests.

The empire of women thus took place in Europe, but the address of females found it necessary to bend in every country to the different modifications of manners. England, separated from the continent of Europe, retained its females in a state of indolent servitude, which was mitigated by the spirit of Christianity, but the effects of which the progress of modern refinement has not as yet completely obliterated and effaced. Spain, which had been nearly overwhelmed with oriental excesses by the conquest of the Moors, found it necessary to adopt repressive restrictions towards the encroachments of an ardent and capricious sex. The refinements of theology, the celibacy of the priesthood, the overgrown corruptions of Rome, and the subtleties of a conventional morality, completed the ruin of moral purity in Italy; and it was, unhappily, in this school that the women of the Court of Catherine de Medicis introduced that criminal voluptuousness, which might pass for fabulous history, if Brantôme had not had the frank and undisguised impudence to describe its horrors with the most scrupulous fidelity.

The gallant manners of Francis I. gave a mortal blow to the French monarchy. This prince, who has been so ridiculously extolled, had, by taking to himself an avowed mistress, made adultery, in some measure, one of the appendages of the crown. During his reign, as well as that of his successors, a taste for trifles, a frivolous discussion of unimportant matters, and the intrigues of the closet and the confessional, got full possession of the Court, which three centuries afterwards, was awakened from its trance by the wild uproar of the revolution.

During that terrible crisis, the women exhibited themselves as nature had made them, that is, every thing in the extreme, whether of good or evil. History will not forget the dismal phrenzy of some rivals of Theroigne de Mericourt; but it will consecrate to the remotest period of time, the glorious names of the sublime Toland, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, the tender and courageous Sombreuil, and the heroic Charlotte Corday. History will equally record the numerous acts of elevated devotion and those wonderful sacrifices which are indeed surrounded with less splendour, but merit no less respect.

At the period in which I am writing, a new æra unfolds itself for women. They are henceforth to receive attentions, but no adorations; they are destined to animate the endeavours of the sex that is ardent in the cause of liberty; and, reposing under liberal institutions, which alone can preserve that noble spirit, they are likely to arrive at a higher degree of moral consideration. Their pious cares attend us at the cradle, and even at the side of the coffin; they promote a loftier sense of honour under laws calculated to inspire it, and exalt the sentiment of ideal excellence; they will now reach the utmost limits of their destiny, and build their way among us, on the immovable basis of love and virtue, of benefits and gratitude.

BURTON'S DIARY.

Diary of Thomas Burton, Esq., Member in the Parliaments of Oliver and Richard Cromwell, from 1656 to 1659, now first published from original MSS. Edited and illustrated by J. T. RUTT. 4 Vols. 8vo. Colburn. London, 1828.

In the diversified history of our country, there is no chapter fraught with more solid instruction

than the one which describes the establishment of the commonwealth. It refers to a period when the boldest spirits were leagued with the most enlightened in the struggle for liberty, and when that which was sought for by the one out of blind zeal, was understood by the others more perfectly, and pursued with a more enlightened determination, than has ever perhaps been the case since among so large a number of men. The interest belonging to this period of our history is derived, not so much from the consequences resulting from the events it relates, or from any immediate and permanent effect they had on the future destinies of the country, as from the indications it gives us of a new order of minds having sprung up—an order of minds which were to be the prototypes of those who should at some future period establish the liberty of their native land on the principles which then began to be understood. It is to be remembered, that the men who distinguished themselves by their political sagacity and address, during the times we are speaking of, were of a character, as politicians, scarcely known in Europe in that age, and that they were contending under circumstances unknown to the patriots of any other country. In almost every case which belonged to the experience of mankind when a reformation was wanted, no question was made as to the manner of effecting it. There was no way but one, and that was by overthrowing the tyranny and destroying the tyrant. Nearly all the old governments, whose destruction had been recorded, were too simple, and involved too small a number of political contrivances to raise a debate as to what should be left standing of the machinery, and what removed. The whole was to be at once levelled, and the only consideration was how this could be most speedily or most efficaciously effected. But in preparing to dethrone the unfortunate Charles—in resolving on the Reformation, and finally, on the annihilation of the Government in England—questions arose, which neither the daring conspirator, eager only for action, nor the cunning plotter of slow and lengthened treasons, could immediately resolve. Reflection, clear and far-seeing political wisdom, a patriotism enlightened by discreet and unbiassed counsel, and a resolute, rather than an eager, spirit,—these were all necessary to the ruling men of those times; and the more we learn of their character and of their measures, the more reason have we to express our surprise at the history of the period. It was not on the basis of some speculative philosophy they founded their opinions; it was not because they professed themselves to be the illuminati of the age, or the worshippers of reason, that they determined on relieving their country from an oppressive burden; but they founded their sentiments and wishes on the teachings of plain manly sense, on the necessities of their country, and the obvious rights of their fellow-subjects; and they resolved to act perseveringly on the dictates of these feelings, because they knew them to be those which the laws of social life, as well as the rights of humanity, authorized them to act upon. Had the men who were inspired solely by the love of their country, and whose only object was its political regeneration, retained all along the power of directing the measures to effect their purpose, had they been enabled to guide the spirit they had raised in the nation, till their schemes of firm and rational liberty were accomplished; and had they had the same skill in anticipating the contrivances of a new species of tyranny, which they had in overcoming those of the ancient one, England would have at once reaped the harvest of their labours; liberty would have been established on a broad and immovable rock; and years of national suffering, of civil and moral depravity, been spared. But the gigantic power which heaves a building from its foundations, is seldom sufficient to carry it unshattered to the spot we should wish to rebuild it on, and it was thus in the mighty events of which we are writing; but if the period which

preceded the establishment of the Commonwealth was full of interest for the patriotism, the political wisdom and virtue displayed by those who first laboured for reform, the few years which that form of government lasted, were distinguished in no less a degree by the contest they witnessed between the genius of religious machiavellianism, the spirit of genuine English liberty, and the remaining prejudices in favour of the deposed dynasty.

Any correct illustration of such a period as this, by the usual methods of historical disquisition, is a task of the utmost difficulty, and one which it is not likely for us to see often accomplished. The difficulty and danger, however, of its execution, are proportionably lessened as original documents and contemporary evidence are brought to light; and among the acquisitions which the researches of the present day have obtained, there are few or none more valuable than the work we are introducing to our readers.

Mr. Burton was member in the Parliaments of the Commonwealth during three of its most interesting years, and his journal brings before us the principal men of the time, their characters, and the state of public opinion, in a manner not to be hoped for in any other than contemporary documents. The same may be said of the diaries of Guibon Goddard, another Member of Parliament, under the two Cromwells, whose reports of the debates in the Parliament of 1654, are preserved in the valuable and curious introduction to the proceedings of later periods. It is from this introduction we shall take our first specimen of the important work Mr. Rutt has presented to the public. Our readers will be able to judge, from the extract, of the interesting and useful nature of the information contained in almost every page of the four volumes:

‘ Oliver’s second Parliament began 3d of September, 1654-5. Dissolved 22d of January, 1654.

‘ *Saturday, September 2.*—Being returned a Burgess for the Parliament, together with Major-General Skippon, for the borough of King’s Lynn, and the Parliament being to begin the 3d of September, which fell out to be the Sabbath-day, I came up to London upon that service the day before, being *Saturday*, the 2d of September; and in order to the service I came about, I was informed that I was to receive a ticket from the Clerk of the Commonwealth in Chancery, certifying the approbation of my election, which, accordingly, I received upon that day.

‘ *Sunday, 3.*—We met in the House, according to our summons, and there was an appearance of above three hundred members. But we met not there until after evening sermon, which was preached in St. Margaret’s, Westminster, by Mr. Marshall.

‘ About four or five of the clock, when the House grew pretty full, some discourse was moved (not concerning the lawfulness of our meeting on that day,) but how far it might be lawful (being met) to sit upon that day, by the word of God; and some, through pretence of conscience, other some, through impatience, would presently have risen and adjourned; (as if the very adjournment had not been as sinful an accommodation, as any they could do,) but General Lambert coming into the House, and acquainting them, that his Highness the Lord Protector was in the Painted Chamber, and expected us there, to speak with us, it broke off those little discourses, and the House, (though some cried “sit still,”) went to attend his Highness’s pleasure.

‘ Where being come, and his Highness standing bare upon a state raised for that purpose, he only told us, that we were summoned to meet as the Parliament of the three nations, upon that day; but, in regard of the day there was little of business that could be then done. He therefore desired that the next day, being Monday, we would meet him, first, at a sermon in the Abbey Church, and after that, in the same Painted Chamber, where he would then communicate such things as he had in his thoughts to communicate to us, and so dismissed us.

‘ After which, we returned to the House, and without more doing, adjourned till the next morning.

‘ *Monday, 4.*—We met at the Abbey Church, the Lord Protector being attended with three maces, and the sword of state, which was carried by General Lambert.

Mr. Thomas Goodwin, a native of Lynn, preached the sermon. After sermon we met, according to former appointment, in the Painted Chamber, where the Lord Protector, in a full discourse, set forth the condition of the nation, both in civil and ecclesiastical concerns, before this last change of the Government; what had been done and effected since, and what more may be desired to be done, in order to a firm and settled foundation of future establishment, which, he plainly intimated, could not be expected or hoped for, either from the Levellers, who would introduce a party in civils, nor from the Sectaries, who would cry down all order and government in spirituals; and concluded with some gracious expressions, which gave satisfaction and applause in general.

This being done, he gave a freedom to choose a Speaker. Whereupon, we returned to the House, and set first upon that work. But Mr. Scobell, who had received a patent from the old Parliament, to be Clerk during his life, and the Serjeant at the Mace, being then both in the House, it was thought fit that they should first be ordered to withdraw the House, and not to come in upon any pretence of title, until they were chosen and commanded by the House.

They being withdrawn accordingly, the House applied themselves to the choice of the Speaker. The first man named, was Mr. Lenthall, the same that had served the Parliament so long before in the same employment. Something was said to excuse him, by reason of his former services, and something objected, as if he had served so long, that he had been outworn. But, in fine, in regard of his great experience and knowledge of the order of that House, and dexterity in the guidance of it, he was unanimously called to the Chair, and two members were desired to attend him to it.

That being done, the House made choice of their Clerk and Serjeant, which were the same that were ordered before to withdraw, and an admonition given to the Clerk for his former presumption, to intrude into that place, before he was chosen, the House generally disallowing of all patent officers in that House.

The mace was also ordered to be brought in by the Serjeant, as a necessary concomitant.

The next thing done was to appoint a fast, which was ordered accordingly, at the Church, the place of public worship, some being of a different judgment.

That being settled, and an Act read, (according to ancient Order, whereby the House stood possessed,) which Act was against the election of officers taking place upon the Sabbath-day, and against fairs and markets kept, or published upon that day, the House adjourned until the next day, at eight of the clock.

Tuesday.—The House met, and first called over all their members, and then the defaulters, of which there were not above threescore, of such as were returned.

After that, they fell, according to order, to make their Committees; the first of which, was that of Privileges, which being made, and their names read, some occasion was taken by some members to tell us that, until that time, they had not so much as heard the name of my Lord Protector within those walls, and intimating, as if there had been some reflections upon the Government, which, although it were an occasion not so well taken, nor so seasonable at that time, yet, being a matter conceived necessary in order to a right understanding at first, especially in that which they conceived to be a foundation, and not to be denied; they therefore, (from Court, especially, and from the soldiery and lawyers,) pressed hard, that the Government, or Instrument of Government, might be speedily taken into consideration, and some return made to my Lord Protector, of thankfulness for his late speech.

The debate concerning those things held until three of the clock, the other part affirming the motion was out of order, in regard by the ancient orders, Committees, especially their general Committee of Privileges, which concern the being, and of religion, grievances, and courts of justice, which concern the well-being of the Parliament, ought, in the first place, to have been settled. And, in truth, it was thought a little too precipitate, in regard it was in the infancy of the Parliament, before the House was full, or the members come up, to propose a thing of that weight, which, probably, was the greatest which could fall before us in judgment. And, besides, it was to anticipate the fast, and in a manner to mock God, that having appointed that solemnity upon purpose to seek God's direction and counsel in these weighty affairs of the nation, which should come before us, especially in the establishment of them upon sure foundations, we should first lay the main foundation without him, and then ask his counsel. Notwithstanding it was voted in the affirmative, both that the question should be put

for putting of the question; and that the Government should be the first business should be taken into consideration the next morning.

The same day, in the afternoon, I attended the Committee of Privileges, of which myself was one, where, according to former orders, double returns and indentures were first called upon, and the indentures ordered to be brought in by the Clerk of the Chancery, the next day, and some petitions were read.

Wednesday, 6. The House being met, and the order for taking the Government into consideration being first read, it was moved by some, that there was something that lay in the way which might hinder the freedom of that debate, namely, an Ordinance, so called, made by the Lord Protector and his council, whereby it was made High Treason for any man to speak against the present Government.

Which occasioned many discourses concerning the freedom of speech in Parliament, it being alleged, that that was the first-born privilege of Parliament, and the very heart-strings of it. In fine, it was so allowed on all sides, and that no law or power from without could impeach any member, for any syllable spoke within those walls, and that those precedents of Queen Elizabeth's, King James's, and the late King's times, were all illegal, and not to be drawn into a law.

But if any thing be spoken amiss, it must be questioned by the House, and in the House only, and that, presently, before any other debate intervene; yet not before such member hath fully concluded his speech; because, probably, what one shall speak in one part of a speech, he may either qualify or interpret in another part.

But yet it was moved, for some men's securities, and to satisfy their jealousies and fears who received any umbrage from that Ordinance, that it might be declared by the House, that, notwithstanding that Ordinance, the House was free to debate the Government. But it was objected, that to question their freedom would be to lose it or to weaken it, and to question that which was never doubted, but attested by the known law and privilege of Parliament, and therefore could not be strengthened by such a declaration as was desired. Which, if in truth any would offer to impeach, by violence from without, it could receive no sanctuary nor advantage at all from such a declaration. Therefore, after many hours' debate, that being put to the question, whether such a declaration should be made by the House, it was carried in the negative by the major vote. The House being divided, above one hundred and eighty were for the negative, and about one hundred and thirty for the affirmative.

We shall proceed in our next to explore the contents of this work with more freedom than, as we have but just received it, our time at present permits. We must observe, however, that it is one of the most valuable additions to the library of the historian that could have been made, and we congratulate the future elucidators of a most important period of our history, on the additional facilities it affords them of forming correct estimates of the state of parties, and the real situation of the kingdom during that era.

ITALY AS IT IS.

Italy as it is; or a Narrative of an English Family's Residence for Three Years in that Country. By the Author of *Four Years in France*. 8vo., pp. 441. Colburn. London, 1828.

SUCH a work as this is valuable for a variety of reasons, but first and principally for the opportunity it gives us of judging of the manners and domestic advantages of a people in direct comparison with our English feelings and habits. Travellers, for the most part, pass through a country under impressions and in circumstances that totally unfit them for attending to things of this sort. They go to see sights, to hear politics talked of, or learn statistics, and whether their stay be long or short in a place, it is to these objects they direct their sole attention. In general too, they not only carry with them all the predilections and habits of home, but, what is worse, feel neither the inclination nor necessity, which might lead them to examine, how far the place they are in is capable of giving them real home comforts. The excitement of change is every thing to them, and if they are subjected to a thousand inconveniences, it is set down to the necessary trouble to be incur-

red in travelling. We are, however, of opinion, that the wants, inclinations, and general tendencies of human nature are such, that there is scarcely a civilized country in the world in which a man, who has any willingness to be happy, might not find a happy home. The truth is, allowing all that can be desired respecting the natural differences of habit, most of the prejudices people feel in a foreign country, are attributable to their own situation in it. Were they living in the same circumstances in their native land, and as little determined in settling themselves down to enjoy its advantages, they would most probably feel as little at home, as they can do in the farthest corner of the world. But a man travelling with his family is under very different feelings to those of an isolated wanderer, or a party of summer tourists: he must keep his tent pitched for a longer time than travellers of the former description, and it is necessary for him to examine every thing with his own eyes, to ensure the comfort, if possible, of his less hardy companions. The experience of a person thus circumstanced is of the utmost value to future travellers, and the detail of his observations is more useful to the general reader, than the most learned dissertations of classical and antiquarian wanderers.

The work before us is written by a person situated as we have mentioned, and who was possessed, during his residence on the continent, of the greatest facilities for correct observation. His publication, consequently, contains, together with that of his preceding one, 'Four Years Residence in France,' a fund of interesting information on subjects which have been little regarded by former travellers in France and Italy. He resided sufficiently long in the places he has described to examine all their advantages or inconveniences as residences, and he was surrounded by the same objects of regard and attention for whose comforts he had to provide in his native country. He has, accordingly, frequently reminded his reader, that he has written, not the account of a tour, but the narrative of a family's residence on the continent, and it is for the merits of the work in this respect, that we principally introduce it to our readers' notice.

To such of them as have not read the 'Four Years Residence in France,' it may be as well to observe, that the author commenced his continental residence in the year 1818, when he left England for Paris; from that city he proceeded to Avignon, where he remained for more than three years. His family consisted of his wife and six children, but the death of his eldest son and the alarming illness of another, occurred during their stay at that place, and they departed for Nice, which they left after a residence of four months for Italy. Our travellers proceeded through Turin, Milan, Parma, &c. to Florence, at which place they proposed to spend a year. The account given of their journey from Nice to this place, contains some interesting particulars, but we must begin our extracts with the author's detail of his arrangements for the intended residence of his family:—

'My first care was to look out for an apartment or house. I took a *salet de place*, and went out at seven in the morning; at ten, the heat would have been intolerable. After two or three days' search, I found almost all the lodgings were too small; all had their *salon* and *salle-à-manger*, but few had a sufficient number of bed-rooms. I found that the letters of these lodgings did not well know what price to ask; as the English generally gave what was demanded, the demand of every year had risen upon that of the preceding one, so that within the last four years the price of lodgings had been doubled. There was, too, at this time, a pretty generally credited report, that the Congress, held during the ensuing winter at Verona, was to be held at Florence; this circumstance, and the extravagant hopes it excited in owners of lodgings, made them more inflexible. I was aware of the inconvenience of being on the left bank of the Arno, which, though the Grand Duke's palace is there, is but a large suburb:

on the right bank, there was no house and but two apartments that would suit me. The owner of one of these refused any abatement, on account of my proposal for a whole year, and my supplying my own plate and household linen; the other had been occupied for six months by a distinguished family from North Britain, at a rent of forty sequins a-month. After the usual debate, I obtained this at thirty sequins, or a little more than 160*l.* for the year.

'It was situated in the Palazzo Nicolini, *Via de' Servi*, the street that leads from the Duomo to the square of the Annunziata, so called from the order of Servites, to whom that convent belongs. It consisted of a lofty entrance-room forty feet square, furnished as a servants' hall; a beautiful gallery sixty feet long, two vast chambers lighted from this gallery, and that there might be enough of useless space, three handsome rooms, almost without furniture, on the ground-floor. The habitable part was a large dining-room, two sitting-rooms, a bed-room and cabinet; over these, four bed-rooms, and, beyond the dining-room, a very pretty separate apartment for a single man, of a sitting-room and chamber. Besides these, a kitchen apart up-stairs, a large laundry with presses, and other servants' rooms. Such details as these are not usual in "tours," but my book relates not a tour, but a family residence, and my reader will acquiesce in this interior view of our domicile.

'I required a stove to be put in the *salle-à-manger*; this was done. "After all," said the *maestro di casa*, or house-steward, the man of affairs in this business, "you will be obliged in winter to give up the dining-room to your servants, and dine in one of your sitting-rooms, as the Cavaliere did who preceded you; for the Devil himself could not stay in the great hall in winter time."

'Sir Isaac Newton made a ball of iron of two inches diameter, and heated it red-hot, and from the time it took in cooling, calculated how long a certain comet, ignited by the sun, would require to part from the heat acquired in its perihelion. I presume the *maestro di casa* took into account the warmth his Satanic Majesty would bring with him from his usual abode, and allowed for his gradual refrigeration accordingly. Sir Isaac supposes, rather gratuitously, that a comet and a ball of iron are conductors of heat of the same sort. In what degree this quality appertains to the Devil, may be left to the speculation of the Tuscan philosopher, Major-domo, of the Palazzo Nicolini, a very clever diplomatist, a man who wanted nothing but rank and education to make him a more able minister of state than many who govern the world with so little wisdom.

'The furniture of this apartment was shabby in the extreme: such was the case with almost all the lodgings prepared for foreigners at Florence: they seemed to be furnished in contempt of the lodgers; excepting the beds, which were good, and some superb consols of verd-antique marble, the whole of the furniture of this quarter of the palace might have been bought by one month's rent. I have been told at Bath, "Sir, this is not good furniture, but it is good lodging-house furniture;" but such was not the case here; it was not merely relatively, but absolutely mean. While waiting for the washing of coarse curtains, and the varnishing and glueing of cracked chairs and tables, we were permitted to occupy, without any increase of price, the largest *salon*, and a handsome one it is, of the *Hotel des Quatre Nations*: the master of the inn knew by his list, that all who had gone southwards were returned and passed away to the north, and, besides the pleasure of being civil to us, he had the advantage that the windows of his grand *salon* were seen on the *Lung'arno* to be every evening lighted by our *bougies*. A due regard for my reputation for fidelity in matters of importance, makes it incumbent on me to add, that this lodging in my palace, and probably others in Florence, have since been furnished in a style better proportioned to the price demanded for them.

'Mean time, my heavy luggage had arrived by sea from Nice, and by the Arno from Leghorn to Florence. By the help of my banker, it was taken from the custom-house to the inn to be examined, an indulgence similar to the "*lascia passare*" at Rome, which, however, is there never granted for goods landed at the *Dagana di Marc*. The examination was not vexatious, and the fees were not excessive. The whole, with the freight from Nice, was about four pounds.

'I went into my lodging on the 20th of June, and was to have it for "*tutto il giorno*" the whole of the day of the 19th of the next year, that is, I was to quit it before midnight; an ingenious mode of reducing a year to three hundred and sixty-four nights. It was a

delicious summer residence; its situation between two gardens, the odour of the orange-trees while in blossom, the superbly painted gallery, and the cool rooms on the ground floor, all was delightful; but from the autumnal to the vernal equinox, not a ray of sunshine descended into the smaller garden, of which we had the *jouissance*; and in winter, all but our long strip of rooms on the south-west breathed chilliness, and threatened agues. In English habitations, we can calculate on winter for the whole year, and can endure our summer heat with very little more of management than the simple precaution of not lighting a coal-fire, and arranging the poker, tongs, and fire-shovel, at an angle of seventy-five degrees, against the bars of the grate; but in Italy it is most difficult to combine in one dwelling what the two seasons so pronounced, so strongly contrasted, require for the appropriate accommodation of each in its turn.

We omit the description of Florentine curiosities, as it is a subject which has already been too much treated of to afford our readers entertainment, and prefer giving such passages as contain the author's observations on what he saw of the domestic habits of the people. We shall reserve these, however, for our next number.

SPEECHES OF THE LATE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE CANNING.

The Speeches of the Right Honourable George Canning, 6 vols. with a Memoir of his life, a fac simile of his hand writing, and a plate exhibiting of his method of correcting his Speeches. By R. THERY, Esq. of Grays Inn, Barrister at Law. J. Ridgeway and Son. London, 1828.

THE appearance of these volumes at the present juncture we hold to be most felicitously opportune. While the ashes of the immortal man, whose wit, and wisdom, and eloquence, they record, are scarcely yet cold, it is proper and fitting that his character should be known, his talents prized, and his fame vindicated, from the aspersions of a rancorous but impotent faction.

England never produced a man whose loss was more generally deplored than that of Mr. Canning. Wherever the name of England was known, there the fame of Canning had penetrated. From the heights of the majestic Andes, to the palace of the Éscorial, he was the terror of the despot and the hope of the oppressed. His name was in his latter years synonymous with liberty, and operated with talismanic effect in securing to his policy, that supremacy which, if not conceded from principle, must be extorted from fear.

Mr. Canning died too early for his country, and indeed, for the human race; but yet in the full noon of his fame. His mantle, as well as his genius and principles, are, we fear, buried with him in the cold and silent tomb. The speeches before us are dedicated to Mr. Huskisson, a proceeding to which in the outset we do not hesitate most decidedly to object. We do this in a spirit of greater freedom, because from a very minute and attentive examination of the speeches themselves, we are prepared to state that they are given with the most commendable accuracy, and that with the letter, they contain the spirit of their great original. Mr. Therry indeed, has had great and paramount advantages in the preparation of these volumes; and he has availed himself of them in a degree proportioned to their importance. For the last four years, we believe we may safely say, that he was present at the delivery of all the more important of Mr. Canning's oratorical efforts; and for the earlier speeches he has had in common, with some of the later, the surpassing advantage of Mr. Canning's personal revision. To these volumes then, the statesman and the student may with confidence refer, as containing the authentic and authorized version, in all important subjects, of the opinion of the greatest luminary of modern times: of a genius elevated and subtle, of a wit polished, pointed, and refined, of an orator, who, with a judgment equally profound and penetrating, could bring to the discussion of any question, which he sought to enforce, all that was necessary for

its exposition, as he could exhaust all that was proper for its graceful illustration.

As a speaker, indeed, Mr. Canning was *omni laude cumulatus*; and in reference to these great principles which it was his duty to unfold and enforce, more immediately since he had the direction of the foreign policy of Britain, we may truly allow that, in the expression and exposition of them, he was not less eloquent than wise; and that he comes within the definition of the Roman orator, who calls eloquence *copiosa loquens sapientia*. But he is gone alas! for ever!

Prefixed to the volumes under review, is a memoir of Mr. Canning written, with great taste and eloquence, but its political tone is throughout compromising. It is proper to observe, that this memoir bears undeniable evidence of authenticity; and we have been given to understand that many authentic particulars have been communicated to the author, by Mr. Canning's family. We are sure, however, that many of Mr. Canning's connections and friends, would not hesitate to speak more boldly, and in a more unflinching tone, of some pretended friends and many open enemies.

We are thoroughly persuaded, nevertheless, that the object of Mr. Therry has been laudable, though mistaken, in softening down many traits that ought to have been given in the rough and austere colouring of historic truth. Perhaps, however, the season is not yet come, for the declaration of the 'whole truth,' and we must say, of all who have spoken and written, with reserve, in reference to matters that have lately agitated the political world, that '*se nimis purgant*.' But are thankful to the author of the sketch prefixed to these speeches, for what he has told us with regard to Mr. Canning, and we only hope he will speak more boldly as well as freely in the fullness of time.

In the mean while, we present our readers with the following extracts from the Memoir, which prove, that however 'dangerous' Mr. Canning was as a Minister, he was yet all dutious as a son:

'When Mr. Canning retired, in 1801, from the office of Under Secretary of State, he was entitled to a pension of 500*l.* a year; instead of appropriating that sum to his own uses, he requested to have it settled as a provision on his mother. His attention to his mother throughout his whole life, was most kind and affectionate, and will be contemplated with delight by those who love to appreciate the private qualities which endear, in preference to the more glittering, though not more substantial or admirable ones, which dazzle and astonish. Mr. Canning not only paid a yearly visit to his mother at Bath, where she resided, but made it a rule, which he invariably observed, to write to her every Sunday. So strictly did he observe this rule of addressing a weekly letter to his mother, that, during his embassy at the Court of Lisbon, even when opportunities of intercourse between Portugal and England did not occur sometimes for several weeks together, he nevertheless wrote his Sunday letter, so that a packet often conveyed four or five letters together to his mother. These letters his grateful parent preserved; and she delighted in reading them in the circle of her friends at Bath.'

The following account of Mr. Canning's acquaintance with Mr. Pitt is interesting:

'The commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Pitt, though somewhat curious in its circumstances, is attributable to the same honourable source from which he derived all his distinction in after life—his own talents. The celebrity of those talents reached the Minister. Mr. Pitt, through a private channel, communicated his desire to see Mr. Canning. With this requisition, Mr. Canning, of course, readily complied. Mr. Pitt proceeded immediately on their meeting to declare to Mr. Canning the object of his requesting an interview with him;—which was to state, that he had heard of Mr. Canning's reputation as a scholar and a speaker, and that, if he concurred in the policy which Government was then pursuing, arrangements would be made to facilitate his introduction into Parliament. After a full explanation between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Canning, of the feelings of each on all the important public

questions of the moment, the result was, on Mr. Canning's part, the determination to connect himself politically with Mr. Pitt; and on the part of Mr. Pitt, the offer of a seat in Parliament. He may have confided this determination to Mr. Sheridan, or possibly may have consulted him; but even the assertion, so frequently made, that Sheridan's advice mainly influenced him in this important step, is sustained by no competent authority. This acquiescence in the proposal of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning's friends knew to be consistent with his previously avowed and conscientious conviction, as when he had no motives of interest to sway him in adopting that conviction, and very strong ones to dissuade him from it, he had uncompromisingly expressed it in the Whig circle in which he principally moved, and by which, in the ordinary course of events, it was natural he should have expected to be introduced into Parliament.

Thus Mr. Canning entered into public life, the avowed pupil of Mr. Pitt. He was returned to Parliament, in 1793, for the borough of Newport, in the Isle of Wight. There have been few persons, on whom was imposed, in an equal degree, the difficulty—or who were so keenly sensitive of it as Mr. Canning—of proving himself equal to the fame for eloquence, which had preceded him to the House of Commons before he became a Member of it. Throughout the first Session that he sat in Parliament, his attention was active and vigilant—his attendance constant; but although alluring opportunities for oratorical display were not wanting, he preserved strict silence. He seems to have devoted this first Session, to acquire the useful knowledge of the forms and practices of Parliament. The propriety of this forbearance might be justified by more than one instance, of men of real oratorical ability, who have failed, by pursuing an opposite course. Mr. Canning's maiden speech was made on the 31st of January, 1794, in favour of the subsidy proposed to be granted to the King of Sardinia. In the estimation of his friends, and of the House, this speech, though equal to the subject, was hardly on a level with his own fame. It sustained, without materially enhancing, the reputation that he had already acquired. Those whose recollections bear them back to the remote day, in which this great statesman first started into political life, and those who have only witnessed the mature brilliancy of his career, will alike feel delight in tracing to its source, that rich stream of eloquence which, for more than thirty years, has flowed, majestic and resistless, the pride and ornament of a great nation. When we consider the celebrity which Mr. Canning had obtained at Oxford, for the correctness of his taste, and classic elegance of his compositions, it is not to be wondered at, that his first speech should bear a marked analogy, in the structure of its exordium, to one of the most memorable speeches of the Athenian orator. In this speech the varied powers of its author are tolerably well exemplified, and we may now look back to it as the dawn of that resistless eloquence, which has since so often

“Wielded at will the fierce democracy.”

The language throughout bears the sterling stamp of authenticity, though the impression is faint as compared with more recent specimens.

The account which follows of Mr. Canning's speech on the Union with Ireland is not devoid of interest. We need not say, we differ from Mr. Therry, *toto celo*, in his estimate, of those who compose what are called Pitt Clubs.

*The union of Great Britain and Ireland was propounded to the English Parliament in 1799. In the discussions upon this most important subject, Mr. Canning took a prominent part. It is impossible to read his two excellent speeches in support of this measure, without being satisfied, that it was the conviction of the speaker, that great and substantial advantages would be derived from it, as well to Ireland as to England. It is well known that the Irish Parliament were at first adverse to a legislative union. The circumstances attendant upon the accomplishment of this measure belong, properly, to the history of the empire. Without, therefore, inopportunistically discussing here, whether the measure itself was an unrighteous infringement of the final adjustment of 1782, or pronouncing upon the purity of the political morality by which Lord Castlereagh conciliated the opposition which was at first raised to it in Ireland—it is more accordant with the design of this Memoir, to remark, that in the speeches of Mr. Canning, as well as those of Mr. Pitt, on this occasion, Roman Catholic Emancipation was held out, in terms too plain to be mistaken, as an inducement to the Roman Catholics of Ireland to accede to it.

“Many persons in this country—some of them deservedly respected for their station and talents—under the denomination of “Pitt Clubs,” attribute to that statesman, the discreditable design of double-dealing with the Catholics, by “holding the word of promise to their ear to break it to their hope.” It is therefore due in fairness, not less to Mr. Pitt than to Mr. Canning, whose opinion attachment to Mr. Pitt, identifies his sentiments with those of that minister, to retrieve their characters from the disgrace of this imputed duplicity. The letter of Mr. Pitt to the late King previous to his resignation of office, establishes, beyond cavil or contradiction, that the imperious expediency and justice of carrying this question after the Union, was the deeply impressed conviction of his mind; and that an assurance was given by him to the Irish Catholics, that after the Union, the question should be carried.”

As many of the most brilliant speeches of Mr. Canning, were made in support of the Catholic Claims, the following rule of his conduct in reference to that question may be opportunely quoted:

“In the support of the Catholic Claims, another rule of action which Mr. Canning observed, was to hold no consultation with either the priesthood or laity of the Roman Catholic persuasion, in the arrangement of the legislative enactments, which were to accompany, or to be consequent upon, the carrying of the question in Parliament; for he maintained that the duty of Parliament was “to inquire, deliberate, and determine, as to the course which it was wise, upright, and expedient to pursue, and having done so, Parliament should not invite the Catholics to accept or reject, but call upon them to obey.” The constant and vehement agitation of the question by the Catholics themselves, he regarded as the natural and necessary consequence of their proscription from the pale of the Constitution; but the time and the manner of their agitating it, and the topics with which they sometimes associated it, were, in his judgment, injudicious and injurious to the success of their cause. He was wisely sensible, however, that the indiscretion with which a man may advocate the redress of his own wrongs, should not be regarded as a ground of wantonly perpetuating them. In reference to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, it should further be remembered, that if they sometimes exhibit the roughness of the hand of Esau, it is because they have not been attended to when they spoke in the smoothness of the voice of Jacob.”

After the death of Mr. Pitt, a Whig Administration, of which Lord Grenville was the head, and Mr. Fox, Foreign Secretary, with the Chief Justice (Ellenborough) in the Cabinet, was formed. Mr. Canning now became the most active and leading Member of the Opposition; and the following paragraph from the memoir may serve to explain the origin of the epithet ‘dangerous minister,’ applied to him by the present Lord Ellenborough.

“He (Mr. Canning) commenced a series of severe attacks upon the conduct and measures of the Whigs, in his opposition to the appointment of the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench (Lord Ellenborough) to a seat in the Cabinet. In the inexpediency and impropriety of this appointment, all parties seem now to concur, and indeed it was excused, at the time at which it took place, on no better plea than the necessity of making the great talents of that noble lord available for the defence of the measures of administration.”

We wish the ‘inexpediency and impropriety’ of the appointment of the present Lord Privy Seal could be excused on the same necessity; but though hereditary honours may descend, talents do not always go in a direct line. ‘It were ‘dangerous’ to say more.

The following passage regarding the Peninsular war, is just and eloquent; and what is stated, as to the joint and relative co-operation of Mr. Canning and the Duke of Wellington, is strictly true. It were well if the noble Duke had remembered his obligations to Mr. Canning last July, previously to the organization of that opposition to his government, of which the noble Duke was the ‘head and front.’

“The glorious breaking out of a spirit of national independence in Spain, now challenged the attention, the surprise, and admiration of the civilized world. The prompt sympathy with which England communicated the generous impulse of her own love of freedom,

and gave the aid of her active co-operation to an oppressed people, in their resistance to a despotic usurpation of power, is a proud event which, even in the history of England, has been rarely equalled—certainly never surpassed. Upon Mr. Canning, as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, devolved the most active, important, and responsible portion of the duties connected with that great movement on the vast theatre of European warfare. For his services at this all-important crisis in the mighty struggle for the deliverance of the nations of Europe from the dominion of France, Great Britain and Spain, and, indeed, all Europe, should unite in raising a lasting monument of gratitude to his memory. On Spanish ground was planted the lever which wrested from the outstretched hand of Buonaparte the sceptre of universal dominion, which he was just about to clutch; there the foundation of his power was first shaken—there the charm of his ascendancy was broken. To Lord Wellington is unquestionably due the merit of having struck the blow, but to Mr. Canning belongs the merit of the policy that aimed and directed it; and to him, too, belongs the credit and the praise of having supplied, by the vigour of his measures in the Cabinet, the efficient means which enabled the illustrious hero of Waterloo, to disenchant the spirit of despotism of the magic of victory, and to complete that series of renowned achievements which have raised the name of the Duke of Wellington to rank with the names of the great heroes and benefactors of mankind.”

We pass over that part of the Memoir relating to Mr. Canning's dispute and duel with the late Marquess of Londonderry, and which we think is treated by the author of the Memoir with, however commendable such a feeling may be, a too fastidious delicacy. We give, however, the laconic and spirited reply of Mr. Canning, to a verbose letter of Lord Castlereagh's, demanding satisfaction, together with what passed on the ground:

“Gloucester Lodge, Sept. 20.

“MY LORD—The tone and purport of your lordship's letter, which I have this moment received, of course precludes any other answer, on my part, to the misapprehensions and misrepresentation with which it abounds, than that I will cheerfully give your lordship the satisfaction which you require. I am, &c.

“GEORGE CANNING.”

“After some ineffectual efforts to arrange the differences by explanation, at six o'clock on the morning of the 21st of September the parties met, near the Telegraph, Putney Heath. Lord Castlereagh was attended by Lord Yarmouth (now Marquis of Hertford), and Mr. Canning by Mr. Charles Ellis (now Lord Seaford). After taking their ground, they fired by signal, and missed. After the first fire, the seconds endeavoured to bring about an accommodation, but, having failed, they both declared, that after a second shot, whatever might be the result, they would not be parties to any further hostile proceedings. After the second fire, they of course immediately interfered; they then found that Mr. Canning was wounded in the thigh. Mr. Canning was conveyed to his house, Gloucester Lodge, at Brompton, where he was for some time confined. The wound which he received was slight, and he recovered sufficiently to attend the levee on the 11th of October, and resign the seals of the Foreign Office. Lord Castlereagh resigned the seals of the War Department at the same time.”

Mr. Canning being invited to stand for Liverpool in 1812, in the same manner in which the illustrious relative of the author of the memoir, Mr. Burke was invited to stand for Bristol, Mr. Therry draws the following not inapt parallel between the two statesmen.

“At the close of the session of 1812, Parliament was dissolved; and at the general election which ensued, Mr. Canning was invited to become a candidate for the representation of Liverpool. The manner of the invitation—the success which crowned him in the first arduous contest, in which the pride of victory was enhanced by being obtained over so formidable an opponent as Mr. Brougham—and the connexion which he at this time formed with Liverpool, and which continued for many years to be a source of reciprocal pride and honour to the constituent body and their representative, Mr. Canning ever afterwards regarded as the most glorious events in his whole public life. He was sensible of the political weight which the distinction of being returned for so important a commercial town as Liverpool would impart to his opinions in Parliament. The circumstances of his return were additionally agreeable to him, from the fact of their being, in every

respect, precisely similar to those under which Mr. Burke was invited to become a candidate for the representation of Bristol. The celebrity of his talents, and the desire of giving due effect to those talents, by arming them with the authority derived from the confidence of a large and enlightened commercial community, induced the freemen of Liverpool to call on Mr. Canning, as the same motives formerly prompted the freemen of Bristol to select Mr. Burke as their representative. Mr. Canning, like Mr. Burke, was "unaccredited by patrician patronage;" like Mr. Burke, too, he had to produce "his passport" for high offices of trust at every step of his political elevation. The claims of both were the legitimate claims of character—of public principle—and of honourable service. They were not "swaddled and dandled into legislators" from their birth, but vindicated their fitness for the station to which they were chosen, by the knowledge which they evinced of the constitution and commerce of the empire—by sparing no study to understand—and no endeavour to support them. Well and truly was Mr. Canning entitled to exclaim, in the spirit of a just and noble exultation—"If to depend directly upon the people, as their representative in Parliament; if, as a servant of the Crown, to lean on no other support than that of public confidence; if that be to be an adventurer, I plead guilty to the charge; and I would not exchange that situation, to whatever taunts it may expose me, for all the advantages which might be derived from an ancestry of a hundred generations."

The following facts relative to Mr. Canning, cannot fail to interest in a literary point of view:

'As to Mr. Canning's mode of correcting his speeches of what he had originally and really uttered in debate, to such a degree of polish and of nicety had he refined his style, as not only to appear incapable of saying anything that was vulgar, but unwilling even to avow the authorship of any expression that was not contained within the precincts of an elaborate harmony. Sometimes he would even reject an idiomatic term, and have recourse to an amplified phrase, to avoid it. For instance, rather than be heard to utter "cat's paw" (a perfectly idiomatic phrase), he would say, "the paw of a certain domestic animal;" and to escape from the direct use of the term "Quixotic," he would preface its introduction by an apologetic circumlocution—speaking of the thing to which he wished to apply it, as "an enterprise romantic in its origin, and thankless in its end, to be characterised only by a term borrowed from that part of the Spanish literature, with which we are most familiar."

'It has been supposed that Mr. Canning wrote his speeches previous to the delivery of them. This is an erroneous supposition;—on important occasions he read and meditated on the subject on which he was about to speak, and took notes to guide him in the course of his remarks. But it was a matter of surprise among his friends, with how very few notes he provided himself preparatory to any great oratorical effort. His speeches in reply display the astonishing retentiveness of his memory, by the accuracy with which they embrace every argument during the whole night's discussion, without the aid of a note or written memorandum of any kind. He poured out his arguments in reply, in the same full flow of rich and copious eloquence, which characterised his speeches on occasions which might be supposed to animate and induce him to an elaborate exertion. This equality in the style of his extemporaneous effusions, and of speeches, where opportunity for previous preparation was afforded, refutes the charge—somewhere preferred against him—of dealing in manufactured declamation. This enviable faculty of speaking eloquently at all times, and on all subjects, was the result of early discipline in frequent and varied composition.'

We have already extracted so largely from the Memoir, that we are unwillingly constrained to pass over much interesting detail connected with the illness of Lord Liverpool, the resignation of the old Ministers, the formation of Mr. Canning's Cabinet, and the unworthy opposition made to it. We cannot, however, resist the pleasure of extracting the following passage:

'In the House of Commons, Mr. Canning boldly and repeatedly challenged his adversaries, but in vain, to bring forward some specific proposition on which the sense of Parliament might be unequivocally pronounced, as to the efficiency of the present administration. He dared his adversaries to open conflict, but they declined it: they preferred a species of Guerrilla warfare, teasing attacks—sudden sallies—and quick re-

treats. They imitated, in their mode of warfare, the extremes of conduct adopted by the Roman Consuls, Terentius Varro, and Fabius Maximus, the former of whom boasting sought to provoke the Carthaginian General to open conflict, whilst the latter cautiously strove to shrink from it.'

With the melancholy sequel of this opposition the public are well acquainted. On the 12th of July, Mr. Canning was taken ill, and on the 8th of August he was no more. Ere the remains of Mr. Canning were yet cold, there were not wanting clerical detractors who did not scruple to allege that this great man died an infidel. Let the hearts of these priestly defamers sink within them while they read the following:

'On the Sunday before his death, he remembered the day, and expressed a wish that his daughter should read prayers to him—(a duty which he himself, in his busiest moments, never omitted to perform to his whole household, whenever he was prevented from going to church:)—but a few minutes after he had expressed this wish, the pain, which had for a time partially subsided, returned with great violence, and with it returned likewise the wanderings of his mind. In the course of the evening of this day, on some religious observation being made by one of the attendants, he declared "his hope of salvation through the merits of his Redeemer, Jesus Christ." The two last days, his strength and his pains diminished in like proportion, and, having been senseless for some hours, he breathed his last, without a groan, a little before four o'clock on the morning of the 8th of August.'

The following extract will speak for itself; with it we conclude:

'Thus endowed as a statesman, Mr. Canning was the most consummate orator of his country and age. He had cultivated eloquence, as a liberal art—with the zeal of a student—and became one of its classic masters. Some may have exceeded him in particular qualities or powers—but he possessed an assemblage of endowments and acquirements, which left all rivalry at a distance. He combined the free movement, spirit, and reality of British Parliamentary debate, with the elaborate perfection of the *forum* and the *agora*—and the accessory accomplishments and graces of ancient and modern literature. Chatham can be estimated only by tradition and his effects—in the absence of all genuine remains. He must have possessed fervour, fancy, a superior reason, and great popular effect; but he exercised an art which he had himself created, and in which he had no rival of the first rank. His theatric delivery and the mimic lightnings of his eye astonished and frightened country gentlemen and noble lords, to whom eloquence was a novelty, and talent alarming. His dramatic appeal to the "frowning ancestor" in the tapestry, and his pantomimic exhibition of his cruelty, would fall powerless—or worse, on a modern opposition. Fox, with the impetuous ardour of liberty, humanity, and his temperament—with the muscular vigour of his dialectics—simple and unadorned—would be the first orator in the assembly of a free people. Pitt, with his high-sounding amplifications, lofty sarcasms, and imposing manner, was supreme in dictating to a drilled majority or subservient council—and in imposing his authority upon the common order of minds. Burke has bequeathed the eloquence of his meditations, and the oracles of his philosophy, to sages and to posterity. But give Canning "audience meet"—the select representatives of a civilized free people—men capable of feeling deliberative eloquence as a cultivated liberal art—and he brought into the field an assemblage of qualities beyond all single rivalry. Fire and imagination, like Chatham, with a severer judgment and less artificial delivery—vigorous dialectics, like Fox, with more of wit and fancy—dignity of manner, and measured declamation like Pitt, with a livelier and lighter tone of pleasantry and sarcasm—much of the philosophy of Burke, with less prolixity, and a more scrupulous taste—these are among the qualities which determine Mr. Canning's place in the first order of orators.'

'His countenance was moulded in the happiest English style—comely, elegant, and simple—the profile gracefully, rather than strongly, defined—the face expressive, and mantling, as he spoke, with the changes of sentiment and emotion—the eye large and full, and if not charged with the lightning's flash, yet beaming with intelligence—the voice strong, flexible, and slightly muffled, so as to impart a softer melody, without affecting its clearness. His port, as he spoke, was sometimes neg-

ligent—often admirable—evincing a proud consciousness of the superiority of his cause, or the power of his eloquence. His action in one respect was objectionable—he wielded his arms alternately and vehemently, without variety or grace, and spoke occasionally with his arms crossed.

'Had Mr. Canning devoted himself to literature, that of his country must have been adorned by him. In prose his early compositions, and some unavowed pieces in the maturity of his talent, are worthy of his fame: his state papers remain models in their kind. His pieces, in verse, indicate a resemblance to the genius of Pope. He would have excelled, like that illustrious poet, in polished diction, keen satire, and strong traits of ridicule and character. He would have equalled Pope in elegiac pathos, and surpassed him in lyric spirit. But the tomb has closed, in its darkness and silence, on the WIT, ORATOR, PATRIOT, AND STATESMAN.'

MEMOIRS OF SIR KENELM DIGBY.

1. *Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby, Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King Charles the First*, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. Now first published from the Original Manuscript, with an Introductory Memoir, 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 328. Saunders and Otley. London, 1827.
2. *Castrations, from the Private Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby*. (Not Published) 8vo. pp. 50. 1828.

If the Editor of these Memoirs had only devoted to literature half the labour which he has employed in searching for old historical documents, his name would, doubtless, be ranked amongst those of our most celebrated authors, and, like certain novel writers of our acquaintance, his abode would be overflowed with the precious waters of Pætolus. But he has disdained the beaten track of amusement in the boudoir, by the relation of imaginary adventures; to delight lovers, by tender madrigals, were an occupation too frivolous for him. He has preferred the useful to the agreeable. To shed new light upon obscure or contested points of national history; to draw from the dust of libraries unknown manuscripts, tending to explain the state of civilization and morality among our ancestors; to snatch from the oblivion of ages the actions of men, who, by their rank, their talents, or their virtues, are connected with the history of their country; to revive, in fact, in a society which is decaying, from decrepitude and abuse, the study of archaeology; such are the labours to which he has consecrated all his time.

The generality of readers, who seek only for amusement, and not for instruction, will not trouble themselves about these superior writings, nor wish to know the name of the industrious author. The learned alone will fully appreciate them; they will consult them advantageously, and have pleasure in recognizing, in the writer of the 'History of the Battle of Agincourt,' and of the 'Memoir,' which serves as an introduction to the work before us, the united qualities of the historian and biographer.

It is true that these qualities are intimately connected; the only difference between biography and history is, that biography relates only to that portion of national history which refers to the individual it is treating of. Like history, biography ought to be true and impartial; if malevolence or indulgence once display themselves in either, it loses its character, and is no longer any thing but a diatribe or a panegyric, which must only be consulted with caution and mistrust.

The editor of the 'Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby,' in all his historical works, and they are very numerous, has shown himself sensible of this truth. Cornelius Nepos seems to have been his model; he makes no exceptions in favour of individuals or nations; he writes about the English and French, about Henri IV. and his antagonists, with as much independence as Cornelius displayed when he drew the portraits of Hamilcar and Atticus, of Hannibal and of Cato, which caused it to be remarked of him, that he was neither a Roman nor a Carthaginian, but that he was an honest man. Like this writer of antiquity, the editor of the Memoirs before us is neither enthusiastic

nor impassioned respecting his heroes: the sketch which he gives of Sir Kenelm Digby's character, proves that he knew how to detect the vices and defects which tarnished the brilliant qualities for which this extraordinary man was remarkable:

"The contemporaries of Sir Kenelm Digby, as well as posterity, have paid unqualified homage to his genius and erudition; and whether contemplated as a philosopher, a theologian, an orator, a courtier, or a soldier, his exquisite talents are alike conspicuous. Endowed by nature with an understanding of great depth and versatility, he studied almost every branch of human science, and to whatever he gave his attention, he illustrated and adorned it. His philosophical speculations have survived the bickerings by which they were assailed; his solitary essay as a military commander was crowned with signal success; his eloquence is conspicuous in every production of his pen; and to the extent of his knowledge of divinity, his works on the subject bear ample testimony. The politeness for which he was eminent was not artificial, but arose from the only true source, an amiable disposition; and in an age distinguished above all others for political as well as polemical controversy, he has the enviable merit of having conveyed his arguments in language wholly free from bigotry and personal vituperation. But in the most comprehensive meaning of the term, Sir Kenelm Digby was a gentleman. He understood and exercised all the duties which belong to that character; nor in the exuberance of the vanity in which he abounded, in the persecutions which he endured, or in the malice by which he was assailed, are we informed of one action of his life, with the exception of the conduct imputed to him by Aubrey towards the Pope, which it is highly improbable ever occurred, is one trace to be found of his having, even for a moment, forgotten what he owed to himself or to others. Besides the usual learned attainments and those abstruse pursuits in which he delighted, he was master of six languages, and was well skilled in the accomplishments of a cavalier of his times; but his merits are best summed up in the emphatic language of one of his contemporaries, "He was the magazine of all arts." His person, like his mind, was of gigantic proportions, and Aubrey has recorded an anecdote illustrative of his strength; but a grace, as natural as it was inimitable, gave dignity to whatever he said or did, and conduct which would have been considered affectation in the generality of mankind, "was," says Lord Clarendon, whose words will be cited, not on account of their elegance merely, but because he was no partial delineator, "marvellously graceful in him, and seemed natural to his size and mould of his person, to the gravity of his motion, and the tune of his voice and delivery."

"From so splendid a character, we turn with regret to the darker shades by which it was accompanied. Digby's faults were part and parcel of the mind he possessed. The usual attendants of genius, eccentricity, almost approaching to madness, vanity, and unsteadiness, were frequently displayed in his opinions and conduct: but of the treachery and dishonour of which he has been accused, an attempt has been made to exonerate him, because they seem wholly incompatible with the uniform tenor of his life. Religious zeal is, it is true, a powerful excitement, and if he was really seduced by it into a neglect of his temporal obligations, there can be little doubt that the same aberration of judgment which he evinces in the following pages on the subject of female chastity, misled him upon the occasions in question. There is a wide distinction between the errors into which mankind are led by calculations of self-interest, and those into which they fall from the dictates of their honest but mistaken judgments; and if Digby failed in his allegiance to his sovereign, it is only the benefit of this distinction which is claimed for him. His notions of honour were undoubtedly sometimes false, but still they were his sincere sentiments, and he accordingly supported them by extraordinary and even romantic means. Of the vices of his age, the most serious which he shared was that of duelling; for according to his own statements, he was engaged in several before he attained his twenty-third year, and in 1640 he fought another with Lord Mont le Ros. But before closing this imperfect summary of his character, there is one trait which perhaps proves him to have been endowed with a mind far beyond the period in which he lived, his ardent zeal not only for the acquisition, but for the diffusion of knowledge. He printed almost all which he wrote, and as we have seen, in his present to the University of Oxford, his only anxiety was that every facility should be given for the publication of the Manuscripts."

If truth and exactitude are the first qualities essential in a biographer, the next most important ones are clearness and simplicity of style, and conciseness of recital. Our author evidently possesses the two first mentioned qualities, but is he at the same time eminently distinguished for all the others? Is there not a little prolixity in his narration, and occasionally some diffuseness in his sentences. Does he not also a little exceed the functions of a biographer, when, instead of confining himself to facts which ought to serve as the basis of the opinion of his readers respecting the man whose life he is writing, he gives us his own private opinion of that man's actions? However, as his opinions appear to us to be the result of sound judgment and correct reasoning, it is not of them that we complain; we merely wish to defend a theory, to which we think biography ought to adhere as closely as possible.

The extract we have made from the Introduction to the 'Memoirs of Sir Kenelm Digby,' has already given our readers some idea of this extraordinary man, who, though the son of one of the fanatics that were condemned to death for the gunpowder plot conspiracy, enjoyed the confidence of Charles the First, obtained also that of Cromwell, married the beautiful and celebrated Venetia Stanley, was the delight of all the courts of Europe, and wrote his own memoirs, in which he describes, in a graceful and elegant style, all the events of his adventurous life, from his infancy till after his victory over the Venetian squadron at Scanderon in June, 1628. As a memento of the tender affection which he bore to his wife, we shall quote but one passage from these Memoirs, which will give an idea of Sir Kenelm's style, and a foretaste of the interesting work which he has left us. Our extract relates to the moment when Sir K. Digby (who is designated as Theagenes), having been initiated by a magician into the science of mysticism, relates to him his attachment to the beautiful Venetia.

"This last obligation, reverend Sir, in communicating with me the most reclusé mysteries of your profound sciences, exceedeth my possibility of thanks; but you may judge what a deep sense I have of it, since that alone shall draw from me the confession of what formerly your much urging me could not, and which nothing but my solitary pillow, continually wet with my abundant tears, or some sequestered desert place, have heard me tell: I mean the sad cause of my eternal sorrow, which, though I strived to disguise, yet you straight observed. Lend then your ears to the short story of long and remediless grief: which thus beginneth. My malevolent stars, who, now by you instructed, I believe do rule men's fortunes and actions by their influence, engaged my affections to the fairest lady that ever displayed her golden tresses to the less beautiful sun. In her I lived, and she awhile in me, if with the magic of her enchanting looks she had not also sucked in the art of deep dissimulation and deceit. To her I vowed my virgin affections, and she hers to me; which vows were renewed between us when I last left her, and with her the best part of my soul and all my joys; but since, ah! cursed change, I hear that she hath forgot her serious and religious protestations, and hath entertained into her false breast a new affection, with dishonourable and impure flames. It is but a wild and imperfect relation that hath yet come to me, but such as did at the instant almost strike me dead, and hath made me ever since hate my life. Now my desire is, since you do not confine it within any bounds, that I may be particularly informed of all passages concerning her since I last saw her; so that I may either from the truth, which yet may be disguised or overshadowed to me, draw some ground of comfort, at least of less sorrow, or else have a perfect knowledge of her unworthiness and my misery, since suspended and uncertain thoughts is the greatest anguish that can happen to the mind. This, then, is the cause of my sorrow, and the sum of what I desire." He had scarce drawn his sorrowful relation to an end, which was interrupted with such deep sighs, as though his heart would have followed his words, when the Magician drew out of his bosom a little book enclosed in a leaden cover, and the leaves of it made of the thin and membranous skins of unborn lambs, which were inscribed with various figures, and pentacles and sigils of sundry colours; which opening, he said: "Now I will confirm what I

have spoken, and give you complete satisfaction in what you request, whereunto all circumstances are propitious; the day being clear and serene, the sun having got the victory of all the obscure clouds that this morning would have darkened his beams, and the place where we chance now to be in so opportune, that we cannot wish a better." With that, they alighted from their horses, and went some distance out of the path, among the trees that grew thick there, while all the way the Brachman kept his eyes fixed upon the magical characters of his, as he called it, sacred book, and murmured to himself words of a strange sound. But they had not gone far when Theagenes of a sudden stopped, and held the Priest, that was going forwards, and pointed to him with his hand to that object that stayed his steps. It was a lady sitting upon a broken trunk of a dead and rotten tree, in a pensive posture, so that but part of her face was discovered to them, but the general composure of her limbs was so admirable, that Theagenes doubted whether it were a goddess or a human creature. Her radiant hair hung dishevelled upon her white shoulders, and together with them, was covered with a thin veil that from the crown of her head reached to the ground, through which they shined as the sun doth through a pale cloud, and sometimes without that eclipsing shade, did send out direct and unbroken beams, and so doubled the day of beauty; which was caused by a gentle air, that, as being jealous of that senseless veil, did blow it ever and anon away, and played with those bright hairs, adding new curled waves to those that nature made there. In her fair face one might discern lilies and roses admirably mixed; but in her lips the rose alone did sit enthroned in sweet majesty; her eyes, as being niggardly of casting away their heart-piercing beams, were hid by her modest lids, which so veiled love's treasure and theirs; her swelling breast did expose to view of greedy eyes his naked and miraculous snow, where love, though he were frozen, would recover heat again; part of her swelling bosom appeared, but the greater part an envious vest did cover; her cheek reposed upon her alabaster hand, and her courteous sleeve discovered most part of her fair arm, which rested upon her knee, while she with her sighs seemed to talk with her own thoughts. Whether she then wept or no he could not well discern, but might perceive her cheeks moist with a precious dew, and the hairs of her eyelids bedecked with orient pearls, which seemed like the pleasing drops of a gentle summer shower while the sun shineth. He remained awhile as in a trance through astonishment at this unexpected and fair sight, till the Magician coming nearer to the melancholy lady, she, as though she had been diverted from the train of her meditations by the noise that he made in coming towards her, turning her head that way, rose suddenly up, and then Theagenes knew the face of his once beloved Stelliana, which seemed to be overclouded with grief, but so that sorrow there looked more lovely than joy could do in any other place. He then felt a strange conflict within himself between love and disdain, each of which by turns set their ensigns in his face, as they had the better in his heart; sometimes fire would sparkle in his eyes, and his enflamed looks give evident sign of the anger that boiled within him: but then straight a congealed paleness would witness his repentance for his former rash thoughts. But in the end the most humane passion got the victory, for certainly a true love can never turn to hate; and how could it be otherwise, but that his heart must yield when the powerful object was in his presence, which could not banish love, though it were eclipsed with sorrow, in so long an absence, and having so seeming a just cause? Not being able then any longer to contain himself, he ran towards her, and kneeling down, offered to take her snowy hand, and was beginning to speak, when a greater wonder drew him to silent admiration; for when he thought he had taken her by the hand, he found that he grasped nothing but air, which discourteously fled from his embraces; as also three several times that he strived to take hold of the hem of her garment, so many times he found himself deceived. But then the Brachman coming to him and raising him up, told him how this was nothing but a vision procured by his art, and that that spirit should answer him to whatsoever he demanded; and that he chose this form to make him appear in, to the end that he might judge by the true resemblance of her countenance and posture, the quality and temper of her mind; which he said, to have been really such ever since the news of his death, and that the greatness of her sorrow was the origin and cause of her misfortune and his affliction. Theagenes then cried out, "I now believe that infernal spirits can transform themselves into the appearance of angels of light; and since you would take upon you the shape of such a one, you have done dis-

creetly to choose hers that is the perfectest work that God hath created."

The manuscript from which this work has been printed is in Sir Kenelm's own hand-writing, and he had entitled it 'Loose Fantasies.' 'No other liberty has been taken with it,' says the editor, 'than to expunge a few pages which the delicacy of the present day would not allow of being published.' These suppressions have been collected into a pamphlet, the title of which is indicated at the head of our present article. It is curious to note the licentiousness which prevailed in all the writings of the reign of Charles I. Yet this, forsooth, was the golden age, the good old time, the reign of good morals, to which a certain faction would wish us to return, as better than the days in which we live.

NOTICES OF ENGLISH BOOKS.

Observations on Lithotomy, and on the formation of Urinary Calculi. By JOHN CHARLES LITCHFIELD, F.L.S. Surgeon, Lecturer on Anatomy, Fellow of the Medical Society of London, &c. &c. Underwood. 1828.

This pamphlet contains but a small portion of the labours of the author; the rest is the work of another, and we may add, highly talented individual. Fair compilation is permissible, and, if the materials are properly put together, cannot fail of being highly useful. But when, as in this instance, twenty-four out of forty-eight pages, are taken without the least acknowledgment, either to the author or work from which it is extracted, it comes a different affair. It is from Sir Astley Cooper's 'Lectures,' (published by Mr. Tyrrell,) that the most valuable part of the pamphlet is taken; and though for this pamphlet the price of *four shillings* is charged, the whole of Sir Astley's 'Lectures,' on this afflicting malady, as published in the 'Lancet,' with a variety of matter highly interesting to the student, can be purchased for *one shilling*. The cases mentioned by the worthy baronet, in illustrating his remarks, and which occurred in his own practice, are in the pamphlet of Mr. Litchfield so worded, as to make the reader, (who is unacquainted with the fact,) infer that they had really occurred in his own practice. As to the author's own observations, he has scarcely favoured us with any; he has not given a correct account how stone is formed in the bladder, of the various kinds, their chemical analysis, &c. so well laid down by Dr. Wollaston, Dr. Maret, Mr. Brande, Mr. Wood, &c. A condensed compilation of the opinions and experiments of these gentlemen, would have been exceedingly useful to pupils, (for whose edification, we presume, Mr. Litchfield's pamphlet is intended,) and also to practitioners in general. It was our intention, had our limits permitted us, to submit paragraphs of each work, as proofs of the correctness of our observations, however we beg to refer our professional readers to the works in question, for that purpose.

The Antidote; or, Memoirs of a Modern Freethinker 2 vols. Holdsworth, London, 1828.

This little work, which is in the style of a religious novel, is very superior to the generality of productions of that class. A vein of happy reflection runs through it, the observations it contains are founded on plain good sense, and the arguments, which it brings forward in support of revealed religion, clearly and powerfully stated. We can also safely recommend its perusal, as well for the ingenuity displayed in the story as for its higher merits, and its entire freedom from every thing like affectation or cant. There are one or two scenes and dialogues not so well managed as the rest, and here and there are instances of bad taste; but as the author only sought to convey some useful moral lessons, we can pardon faults, which, in a work of a different description, would merit severe criticism.

A Disquisition on the Nature and Property of Living Animals, with an Inquiry how far our Knowledge of Anatomy and Physiology is consistent with the Belief of a Soul and a Future Life; and on the Intellectual Difference between Man and Brutes. By GEORGE WARREN, Surgeon. 8vo. pp. 144. Longman. Butcher, 1828.

NOTWITHSTANDING the various inquiries made by philosophers both ancient and modern, in endeavouring to give a correct definition of the terms *life* and *soul*,—they exist in a manner so mysterious, that the real cause of generation, together with an accurate know-

ledge of what life and the soul really is, appears to be, as yet, above all human comprehension, and all who even attempt to discuss this question, seem to involve themselves in controversy, without throwing one ray of light on the subject. Life is well known to exist throughout the whole animated world, while the soul, in the general acceptance of the term, is supposed to appertain only to man, the chief created being. However, it is stated by our author, that the idea of a *soul*, in all living creatures, is neither unscriptural nor unphilosophical. His arguments are ingenious, and his condensed account of the opinions of those who have preceded him on this controversial subject, interesting. Mr. Warren believes in the existence of a future state, with the doctrine of the resurrection, as not inconsistent with the laws of science, which, to use his own words, 'are maintained by genuine and unsophisticated reasoning.' We recommend a careful perusal of this work to all parties; to philosophical inquirers especially it cannot fail of being interesting.

Observations on the Properties and Effects of the Expresed Oil of the Seed of Croton Tigium; together with the Botanical History, and a correct coloured Engraving of the Plant. By JOHN FROST, F.S.A., F.L.S., Director of the Medico-Botanical Society of London Lecturer on Botany at St. Thomas's Hospital, &c. &c. Jackson. London, 1828.

THE medical profession are highly indebted to Mr. Frost for his exertions in the cultivation of medical botany, but more especially for the production of the present pamphlet, in which, he very justly observes that 'Of all the medicines lately introduced, perhaps none has excited more attention than the expressed oil of the seed of the Croton Tigium.' It contains, in addition to a new paper on this subject, a reprint of all his observations on the history, properties, and effects, inserted by him, in the various scientific and medical journals. But what is more interesting to the naturalist is a correct and splendid coloured engraving of the plant itself, which does Mr. Frost infinite credit for its publication; and what renders it of greater importance is the fact, that all the former engravings of the plant in question were incorrect. We therefore, without the least hesitation, give it our decided approbation, and recommend it to the notice of the public in general.

NOTICES OF FOREIGN BOOKS.

Papiers Inédits, saisis chez Robespierre, Saint-Just Bayan, &c. Paris. 1828.

In a few days these historical memoirs will be published; and, if what we have heard respecting them be at all correct, they will afford much interest to readers of productions connected with the French Revolution. It is stated that when Courtois made his celebrated report, these papers were not mentioned by him. They who like to see the hand-writing of men who have rendered themselves so conspicuous by their virtues or vices, will be gratified when this book appears, as the fac-simile of the principal persons of the Revolution will be given.

Marilhe, Chants Elegiaques de Gonzaga, traduit du Portugais. Par E. DE MONGLAIVE. Paris. 1828.

M. E. DE MONGLAIVE is a gentleman who, we can safely predict will, ere long, be ranked among the very best writers in France; he is not more than twenty-five years of age, but has witnessed in that short time as many vicissitudes as the longest life sometimes experiences. He is of a noble Provençal family; and at the age of eighteen, with all the fine feelings of youthful ardour, he repaired to South America, and, for several years, served the cause of independence. On his return to France, he gave up all his time to literature, and is the successful author of political tracts, dramatic productions, criticisms, historical memoirs,* poetical effusions and translations, from almost every modern language. This last one, from the Portuguese, we strongly recommend to our readers. Gonzaga was never before translated into French, and was totally unknown on the Continent; and we rather think, that there is not even a translation of this celebrated Portuguese writer in English. We engage our friends who are conversant with the Portuguese language to exhibit our author to the public in an English dress.

* He has recently published a 'Life of Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil,' which we are surprised has not yet been translated into English, and the more so that we can vouch for the authenticity of Don Pedro's correspondence with his father, John VI. of Portugal. We have had the autograph letters in our own hands.

Espagne Poétique; Choix de Poésies Castellannes, mises en vers Français. Par DON JUAN MARIA MAURY, avec des Articles Biographiques, &c. Paris, 1828.

THE author of this work has rendered an essential service to all those who, unacquainted with the Spanish language, wish to obtain a knowledge of the state of literature in the Peninsula. We are inclined to believe that very few French literati, and we ought not, perhaps, to except the English, know little of Spanish poetry, particularly of the writers of the present day. At the head of these, we find that excellent poet, the celebrated Melendez,* whom the modern Castilian school recognises for its chief,—Yglesias, his pupil Cienfuegos, and Count Norrona. The following well-known authors are yet alive, Don Leandro Moralin, Don Juan Bautista Arriaza, and Don Manuel Quintana. Arriaza, in the opinion of the translator, is, in many instances, equal to Lope de Vega. These poems are skillfully put into French verse: the following short quotations will show his style and manner: Lines from an Ode, by Count Norrona, on the peace of 1795, between France and Spain:

'Tout fuit: le cloître saint de la vierge craintive,
Ne cache plus le front;
De sa voix, de sa main, dans sa fuite moins prompt,
L'enfant veut arrêter sa mère fugitive:
Elle n'écoute pas;
Les moments sont comptés, et le fer suit ses pas.'

Those of Quintana, in an ode, entitled 'The Spanish Expedition that carried Vaccination to America':

'Vierge aimable du Monde, Amérique innocente,
Qui brilles des attraits de la beauté naissante,
Relève par l'éclat des plus riches atours
Toi, dont la terre au loin se pare,
Et qui du ciel, depuis envers toi si barbare,
Pouvait avoir été les premières amours.'

'Sentinelle des bords que l'aurore embauma,
N'importe qu'ait tonné le géant des tempêtes:
Il est surpris, vaincu, désarmé par Gama.
L'heureux navigateur, combattant de molles ondes
Montre à ses Lusitains les temples de Brama,
Colomb, lui dont la vie eut besoin de deux mondes,
Foule enfia l'hémisphère à lui seul révélu.'

We have no room to quote Melendez, who is the Campbell of Spanish poetry.

Faust, Tragédie de Goëthe, traduite en Français par M. Albert Stapfer, ornée d'une suite de dessins lithographiques, par M. Eugene Delacroix. Paris. 1828.

THIS extraordinary composition, of the most celebrated of modern and even ancient German poets, is known in every part of Europe; but we mention this new translation as one of the most splendid homages paid to living talent. It is a folio volume and printed on *Papier de Chine*; but when we state the price of this one book, containing only *one* tragedy, our readers, we think, will be surprised; the sum, then charged for this work is seventy-two francs, nearly three pounds! Almost as much as an author of former days used to obtain for the writing a dramatic production. Success, however, it has obtained, as the appearance of a second edition fully proves. The following is the opinion of Goëthe himself respecting this extraordinary production. When a few proof-sheets of the first copy were shown to him, he exclaimed: 'Here is just the man that was wanted to dive into Faustus, and to extract from it probable pictures, but which no one could have thought of. His compositions are full of mind, expression, and calculated to produce a powerful effect. We may promise ourselves, very shortly, the pleasure of possessing a work of admirable art, and agreeing perfectly with the poem which accords with no rule, *hors de toute règle*.

Punishment of Death.—Among the many arguments employed to demonstrate the inefficacy of capital punishment for the prevention of crime, it has been said, that when we reflect how many criminals appear to die with resigned and repentant feelings, who, yet, from the time of their arrest, are utterly incapable of exercising their rational faculties, and of attending to that reconciliation which the Deity prescribed by Christianity, the severity of such a punishment appears in a light still more horrible and revolting. The amelioration of the criminal is thus lost sight of in a desire of avenging his guilt; and to such a degree is this carried, that he is hurried, often without the delay of a week, into the presence of his Maker. We are happy to perceive that the inefficacy of the punishment of death for the prevention of crime, has been publicly recognised by one of the cantons of Switzerland, which has just abolished it.

* Died in 1817.

PICTURES OF SOCIETY—DRAWN FROM LIFE
BY A NOBLEMAN.

No. IX.

Prince Ypsilanti.—Scene, Louisbourg.

'Les plus grands mystères de ce monde ne consistent pas tous dans l'homme. Une force indépendante de lui le menace, et le protège selon les loix qu'il ne peut pénétrer.'

On leaving the baths of Carlsbad, in Bohemia, which are constantly thronged by visitors from all parts of Europe in quest of pleasure or health, I stopped for a short time at Egra and at Wunsiedel. I then proceeded to Alexandrebud, in the circle of the Upper Maine, in Bavaria, a place celebrated for its picturesque situation, and the recollections which the King and Queen of Prussia left behind them, when they visited the town during the first year of their marriage.

I entered Alexandrebud one fine spring evening, and without thinking about the mineral spring, which owes its reputation to the Margrave Alexander, or the castle, in which nothing either useful or agreeable has been forgotten, I procured a guide, and repaired immediately to the mountain of Louisbourg,* which was the object of my journey, and I soon had an opportunity of admiring one of the most surprising and picturesque scenes which, perhaps, the face of nature presents.

There is no reason for supposing that Louisbourg has, at any former period, been convulsed by volcanic eruptions, and the most plausible conjecture respecting these huge masses of rock, which seem to be rolling down in one uniform direction, is that they have been produced by those torrents which descended from the heavens at the general flood, recorded in the traditions of all nations.

Nothing but impetuous falls of water could, indeed, have dislodged these enormous strata of granite, hurling them one over another, in that picturesque confusion, which could scarcely have been conceived, even by the genius of Kent, to whom England owes so many bold imitations of natural scenery in the modern style of gardening.

These masses of rock having become consolidated by time, trees and shrubs have taken root in their interstices. Masses of various species, and creeping and parasite plants, fill up the clefts of the rock, and line these natural grottoes. This wild vegetation produces the most beautiful effects, and creates changes which rise with magical rapidity before the eye of the observer at every step he advances. A little flight of stairs formed by masses of rock lead to a grotto roofed by two stones, which mutually support each other. Here there is a curious vegetable phenomenon, consisting of a sort of luminous moss which shines in the dark, and of which M. de Humboldt has given a very scientific and interesting description. Beyond this grotto, on a sort of esplanade, the slender fir-tree and the mountain-elder, with its red clustering berries, are grouped in wild and irregular beauty, and the whole is surmounted by an amphitheatre of rocks, whose summits rise one above another to an enormous height. The verdant shades of the different mosses, with which the mountain is thickly overspread, are here and there relieved by clumps of birch, and the groups of visitors who are constantly ascending and descending Louisbourg, give to the whole that animated and picturesque effect which is so often seen in the scenery of an Italian theatre.

As I was proceeding along the winding ascent of the rock, I turned to the left to inspect a sort of natural tower into which the rays of the sun never penetrate. I was here reminded of the rocky prison which I saw at Durnstein, on the Danube, where the unfortunate Richard Cœur de Lion's long captivity was the reward of his imprudent confidence in the good faith of his enemy.

* This mountain was formerly called Luxburg, from the name of a castle, the ruins of which still crown its summit. It received the name of Louisbourg, in honour of Queen Louisa of Prussia.

To complete the resemblance there is a terrace, like that from whence King Richard first heard the consolatory voice of Margaret of Flanders.

On returning a few paces, some stone steps, skirted by young firs, lead across rocks to a solitary spot which seems destined for meditation. The astonished eye reposes with delight on the carefully cultivated flowers and shrubs which adorn the mountain. Red-berried myrtles, purple-tinted mosses peeping out of chinks of the rock, thickly clustering roses, willows,* and fragrant thyme, surrounded and covered a stone seat. I approached and read engraved—'Lisette's resting-place.'—This inscription explained the purpose of the pretty temple, and the imagination, warming at the sight of nature in a virgin dress, readily associated with this charming spot those pictures of innocence and love with which Milton has enriched his immortal poem of 'Paradise Lost.' Here the language of simplicity speaks in every thing, and whispers through the flowers:

'Hail, wedded love! mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring.'

On one side of the seat was written with a pencil—'Is not this thy portrait, my dear Lisette?—I blush to look at it—I would kiss it, but dare not touch it with my lips. No, tender flower, thou shalt not be blighted to thy very root by him who has promised that his bosom should ever be thy abode.' How happy the traveller of sensibility, who here recollects a charming passage in Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey!' In making this reflexion, I also seated myself on this stone, which the thick foliage of a spreading birch overshadowed, and I cast a long look backward on the morning of my life. I remembered the pleasing flowers which had been strewed in my path, and those treasures I had met with of sensibility, of self-denial even, without which existence would be only a long vegetation, and in this temple of repose, consecrated to female virtue, I would have wished to inscribe these words, 'O woman, woman! but for thee the two ends of life would be without support, and its middle devoid of pleasure.'

On descending some steps, a continuity of grottoes are found, which communicate with each other and form a subterranean road. The light of day penetrates through occasional fissures, into which those mosses with long filaments, classed by botanists, in the genus *Lycopodium*, insinuate themselves, and hanging down under the vaulted roofs of granite, seem to move and to murmur in concert with the winds of the mountain, giving a sort of life to these aerial catacombs.

The eye, fatigued with obscurity, gladly returns to the enjoyment of light, and the cheering aspect of an extensive circuit, where the sombre foliage of the pines, contemporaries of the rocks, contrast with the white silky mosses which the light bounding deer in vain endeavours to reach.

Guided by a melancholy feeling, a few steps brought me to some rocks, forming an overhanging arch, which might be called the grotto of tears. An inscription at the entrance, in letters of gold, on a black marble tablet, announces the touching destination of this spot:

'An inconsolable sister, to the inhabitant of the skies.
'August 13, 1815. 'THERESA.'

It is then Theresa† who mourns for Louisa. Ah! sorrow and death spare neither youth nor rank. Through a wide aperture in this grotto is perceived Louisa's favourite seat. An inscription records the name of that beloved Queen, whose rapid passage over these mountains, as through life, gives to this place an air of melancholy. How one delights to follow her, glowing with youth and beauty, among those paths where she wandered alone—to those banks of moss, where, awakened from her pleasing reveries

by the voice of misfortune, she experienced all the pleasure of being a Queen by the benefits she was enabled to diffuse around her. There, doubtless, her thoughts were often elevated to heaven, whose gates were already open to receive her. Beautiful, gentle, and amiable, it seemed as though her existence should have been perpetual. But, alas! fate, which sports with the wishes of mortals, replied by the stroke of death to the vows formed for the duration of her life. The fragile flower of the mountain has survived this beautiful lily broken by the keen blast of misfortune. However, in these solitudes, consecrated to her memory by her sister, amidst the most profound regret for her loss, we love to fancy that her spirit still wanders among the rocks; that, borne hither on the evening breeze, she comes to gather the tears, which are shed less for the august Louisa of Prussia than for the regretted Louisa of the Rocks of Louisbourg. A friendly hand has adorned this spot with all that can help to soothe the mourner's grief. The weeping-willow, mingling with the sweet-briar and the rose, shades the entrance of the grotto, while the ivy, that charming emblem of affection, spreads its mournful foliage over the stone, and creeps to the summit of the rock, as it were, to convey to the departed spirit the recollections she has left here below. The coral moss, the wild mulberry, and the myrtle in full flower, adorn the interior of this sweet spot; from whence the visitor slowly retires, bearing in his mind impressions which cannot be easily effaced.

Pursuing my ascent up the mountain, beside a range of white birch trees, elegantly cut, I reached a wall of rock, which appeared to be an insurmountable barrier to further advancement, for it bore the inscription *nec plus ultra*, dated 1794. It was not till the year 1805, that there was discovered beneath this huge block of granite, the entrance to a cavern which served the Knights of Luxburg to mark their place of concealment.

The aperture, which formerly could only be crept into, was widened by means of mining, and it now leads, by steps which have existed unimpaired since the thirteenth century, to the ruins of the fort of Luxburg. Nature and art combined to render this place inaccessible. The Knights who occupied it, consequently exercised with impunity their continual depredations over the whole country; and, leagued with the lords of the neighbouring castles, they attacked travellers, pillaged monasteries, and held in captivity those who could not pay ransoms. They sometimes made excursions to distant parts, and returned to their haunt laden with booty. Of one of these sorties, the lords of Egra availed themselves, and destroyed the power of these formidable tyrants.

Above the ruins of this proud tower, now rises a modest hermitage, roofed with thatch and surmounted by an expiatory cross. On this spot, which was once the scene of crime and boisterous mirth, nothing is now heard but those expressions of admiration and pleasure excited by the interesting scenes which crowd upon the eye of the spectator. The remains of the ancient walls of the castle are overspread with vegetation. The wild strawberry presents its scarlet fruit to the thirsty traveller, while a variety of sweet-smelling herbs and plants diffuse their fragrance over those banks of turf, which perhaps were once bedewed with the tears of misfortune.

On the left a path, edged with shrubs, leads, by the ascent of a few steps, to a garden which is so closely surrounded on every side with masses of granite, that neither its entrance nor its outlet is perceptible: the elder tree with its brilliant berries, which forms so picturesque an object in other parts of the mountains, flourishes here in remarkable luxuriance; while the lofty pine mingles its foliage with that of the service-tree and the birch. From between the fissures of the natural walls surrounding the garden, the light filaments of a few creeping plants here and there shoot out and cling to the granite. Banks

* *Epilobium palustre*.

† The Princess of Tour and Taxis, sister of the Queen of Prussia, and mother of the Princess Esterhazy.

planted with birch trees and bordered with exotics with which the mosses of these mountains seem fondly to commingle, afford an agreeable repose to the eye as well as to the mind, which in these charming solitudes seems to be concentrated within itself. This unlooked-for paradise, situated in a region so wild and so difficult of access, calls to mind those tales of enchantment which amused our childhood. There wants only a genius, and the genius of retirement and recollection is here.

On quitting the garden, the mind, expanded by the contemplation of so many beautiful objects, communicates additional energy to the body, and the summit of Louiseburg is speedily reached. It is surmounted by a large cross, which sheds a cheering influence over the desolate region below, like religion consoling the heart of the afflicted. The cross, being seen from a distance, serves as a guide in the rocky wilderness, and on its lofty site forms an intervening link between the sufferings of earth and the hopes of futurity.

A man wrapped in a cloak was sitting at the foot of the cross, holding in his hand some papers, on which he seemed to have been writing, but which he laid aside at my approach.

At the sound of my footsteps he turned his head towards me, and I recognised Prince Alexander Ypsilanti, the friend of my youth, whom I had not seen since the Congress of Vienna. He rose from his seat and eagerly advanced to meet me. 'Dear Ypsilanti,' said I, embracing him, 'by what chance do I find you here? The fatigue of my pilgrimage is compensated by this unexpected meeting! How happens it that you are in Bavaria, when I thought you were still at St. Petersburg?' 'I have been induced,' replied the Prince, 'from the general state of my health, but more particularly on account of my wounds, to undertake a journey to Carlsbad; besides, I expected to meet here some friends, whom I wish particularly to see. However, as they have not yet arrived, I have taken advantage of their absence, and made a visit to Louiseburg, which had been justly described to me by the King of Prussia, as one of the most picturesque places in Europe.'

'And what do you intend to do on quitting Carlsbad?' I inquired. 'I know not,' replied he, 'my plans are not yet determined upon.'—'Prince Ypsilanti,' I said, 'I had reason to expect that you would have reposed greater confidence in me. It is but a few days since I left the Princess Helena S****. She was acquainted with all your views, and knowing the friendship which has existed between us for so many years, she did not hesitate to disclose them to me; and your sudden departure from St. Petersburg was caused, no doubt, by the approach of the period fixed for their execution.'—'Pardon my reserve,' he said, 'for so many and such high interests are connected with my own, that I should not be justified in disclosing secrets which were not entirely personal. But what did the Princess tell you?'

'That your object is to deliver your country from the yoke which oppresses it, and to restore Greece in the rank of nations. This is a noble part, a sublime enterprise; but have you well considered the means of putting your plan into execution, and securing its success? Do you think Greece sufficiently prepared for the happy regeneration?' 'I entertain no doubts on that point,' said Ypsilanti, earnestly clasping my hand. 'The dream of my youth,' added he, 'on the forebodings of which we used to dwell so fondly at St. Petersburg, when Dolgoroski Wielhorski,* you, and I, formed schemes for the future independence of Greece, weighing every possible chance of the consummation of our hopes—that dream, I say, will shortly be realized. Every thing combines to favour the execution of the grand design. I have faithful friends, who, like myself, are ready to

devote their lives and fortunes to the furtherance of the object; and I may venture to say, that I can count upon the assistance of a powerful Sovereign, in addition to the support naturally to be expected from the Greeks. From all the provinces of that oppressed country, the voice of Liberty is heard; the hands of her people, though laden with chains, are raised towards us. We can no longer turn a deaf ear to this summons, in a cause worthy the support of man, and the protection of Heaven; and, if we perish in the attempt, our example, at least, will be followed, and our death avenged.'

'Dear Prince,' said I, 'you are endowed by all that ardent enthusiasm requisite for the success of the enterprise you contemplate; you have lost none of that martial feeling, and that thirst for danger, for which you were distinguished when at Petersburg; but, Ypsilanti, pardon my sincerity, if, while I admire as much now as ever your patriotic devotedness, I venture to point out the danger of your enterprise, and even the improbability of its success. 'How!' exclaimed he, 'can danger and improbability be weighed against the result which I anticipate? Perhaps, my presence alone may cast the die.'

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Covent Garden—Oratorios.

SOME of our readers may not perhaps know that most of the petty German princes have bands military, or of violins, &c. with a chorus, retained in their service, whose business it is to meet daily for practice, and to play in their anti-rooms during their dinners, and also in the evening at their concerts or private theatres. The directors of these bands are either leaders or 'Maestri di Cappella.'

If a fine voice be found, its possessor is not unfrequently adopted, clothed, and educated by the patron prince in the principles of his art; and if, perchance, a genius, an opportunity occurs daily of calling it forth; there is either a saint's day, a birth-day, or a distinguished visitor of the noble family, for whom a few complimentary verses are written and set to music. An aspirant either as poet or composer has no difficulty in obtaining a permission to present or have his composition performed to his noble patron, and thus it is that Germany abounds with so many highly gifted composers. Time and opportunity, in this way, effect for them daily what many English artists strive and sigh in vain to obtain even yearly, or once in their lives. This is one of the reasons why we have so few orchestral pieces of merit. Haydn was the chapel master of Prince Esterhazy, the grandsire of the ambassador of that name, now resident here. The merit and amiability of this composer, made him be considered as a friend by him, who, he never forgot, was his patron and master. He had a bell-rope in his study, which, by ringing, was the signal for the band to assemble in a music hall; this was done in a few minutes, and the effect of any passage he might just have written, was ascertained in a short period of time; and thus the passage was either rejected, revised, or adopted. Experience latterly rendered such calls more and more unfrequent. By these facilities was the study of this classical writer matured.

How many such bands are there in England? His Majesty has one, but, we believe, it consists only of wind instruments. We know not of any nobleman or prince who retains an orchestra of violins and voices. There are, certainly, choirs; as, for instance, the singing men of Windsor; the Gentlemen of his Majesty's Chapel Royal; the Vicars Choral of the Cathedral of St. Paul and Westminster Abbey, and of our venerable provincial cathedrals: but the places are mere sinecures, especially in London, where a select few hold all situations in each of these choirs; a portion of them are only required to be in daily attendance, for the mere purpose of chanting the prayers. These are, generally, music and singing masters, whose best account lies in writing an early lesson or song for the use of their school pupils: now then, a chant; and, if a psalm, a gloria, a te deum, a jubilate, or an anthem, it is almost a miracle!—most assuredly an unprofitable devotion of their hours. In London, such a production is even a more strange event than in some of our country towns and cities; and that the productions of country cathedral writers should be very fine, would be almost an anomaly, considering the compara-

tively few opportunities they enjoy of studying really the effects of the fine scores of the great masters of their art. Even the singing boys of our choirs, including those so amply provided for by the founders of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, are admitted, and classically educated, but not in their art. A chorister is made by patronage; it matters not whether the boy has a voice or not; or, having one, whether his ear be adequate to guide it to a correct intonation; he is elected; he becomes, perchance, a scholar, a Master of Arts, a D. D.; but very rarely a Bachelor, a Doctor, or a Master of the Science of Music.

Now, if these are truths,—and we shall be glad to have them satisfactorily refuted,—we ask, in the name of common sense, how our artists should excel as orchestra writers, or even as simple melodists?

The bands retained by foreign princes may be heard too by all dwelling around them. They are not shut up for the exclusive and selfish gratification of their master and their fashionables, as in England, but the decent and respectable of their dependants, farmers, &c., are allowed admission to their halls. Thus an early taste is inculcated for what is fine; the latent spark of genius is fanned to a flame to blaze intensely when matured by age, reason, and cultivation, in an embryo Haydn, a Mozart, a Beethoven, a Weber, a Hummel, or a Spohr. What opportunities at all approaching these are there afforded for the people of England? The tastes and inclinations of man are imbibed in his years of childhood, formed in his youth to be settled in his manhood. It is useless to expect that an uneducated man should feel the beauties of harmonious sounds addressed to his ear; see the refined harmony of colours in a Titian; the sublimity of expression in a Michael Angelo; or the symmetry of form in a broken, antique fragment of Athenian sculpture. He may, it is true, possessing more or less of natural taste, admire more than others such things; but it is education which directs him to the contemplation of the models born from the minds of his predecessors: and we think a man may as well be supposed capable of building St. Paul's, or appreciating its beauties of construction and adornment, as of writing a chorus à la Mozart, or understanding, and estimating, and enjoying it equally with an educated professor. Now, upon these premises, we ask all who pronounce the English to be devoid of taste in music, to show us how they can be otherwise, considering the few opportunities afforded them of hearing in childhood good music, or, enamoured of it, of obtaining instruction—sound instruction, in its principles as a science, or, having so far reached, of gaining an opportunity and scope for its exercise? Restrict the Germans and Italians to opportunities as scanty as are ours, or give us as many chances henceforth as they now, or shall, possess; and then let it be pronounced whether the English are naturally less capacitated than others to excel in the composition of melody and harmony.

There are abroad more patrons of music than in England; and by early cultivated tastes, they are also better judges of the art, and the better they understand it, the higher they estimate its works of merit. This is evinced by what we have stated, and this is our mode of accounting for our national inferiority as musicians.

We record these remarks as they arose in our minds on returning from the selection of music given at the Oratorio of last Friday evening. In the variety of the evening, was a selection from the new Oratorio, 'The Fall of Jerusalem,'—the poetry by Millman, the music by Mr. Perry, who presided at the organ. The specimen was an overture—a quartetto—an air—and a grand chorus. We will speak only of the latter, which we think the finest. It opened with a firm, full, and well compacted harmony, and concluded with a fugue. The subject although not entirely new to us, was still enough so to be claimed by the author as his own. It displayed invention, but seemed to want those resources of management in its evolutions, which can only be furnished by a thorough acquaintance with the various instruments of the full orchestra, instead of the full organ only. Had the writer been as familiar with the former as we suppose he is with the latter—had he been from his youth in daily practice with a full band—in other words, had he possessed decidedly the same advantages in England, as the Maestro di Cappello enjoys abroad, he would have made it ten times better than it is. Although possessing very much of merit, there are gaps and intervals which leave his subject naked. If it be said, that this was contemplated for the purpose of producing an effect by contrast, as in the great German models; it was much the same as dressing a figure with too many folds on one side, and exposing the other—covering the face, and leaving the head bare.

* Michel Wielhorski is the son of the Count of the same name, to whom Rousseau dedicated his 'Considérations Politiques, sur le Gouvernement de Pologne.'

King's Theatre—Saturday.

The most sapient critics have for some time been at a loss to account satisfactorily for the gradual decline of the enthusiasm for Mozart. By the major part the cause is assigned to the more sparkling and effervescent style of Rossini and his disciples, whom they describe 'as a genius of sheer animal spirits'; while others sum up by assigning to the modern maestro the next place in rank to the German colossus. It is certainly gratuitous on our part to hazard an opinion on the subject, but having an idea of our own somewhat different from those of our colleagues, we will merely venture to throw out a hint for consideration. The cause we apprehend to lie in education—not the march of intellect—but in the course which a musical student or person of taste must go over in his youth. Wherever we may chance to be thrown in after years, youthful impressions remain, however faintly. Octogenarians remember more readily the events of their teens than those of a much later period. A musician will always listen with pleasure to the strains and the harmonies of the man whose works have formed the code of his professional drilling, and an amateur of fifty, who some thirty years since worked, bar by bar, through the *Flauto Magico* or *Don Giovanni*, will little relish the clang of modern orchestras. Much, as we have before said, may be inculcated by repetition; but the gratification he may eventually receive from *Tancredi*, or the *Barbier*, will be always mixed with the melancholy contemplation of the waning of the idol of his adolescence. The youthful virtuoso, on the contrary, just released from a complete course of 'Cruda Sortes,' 'Di Piacers,' &c. will follow with rapture the incessant triplets, and always retain a predilection for the full basses of his *magnus Apollo*. For ourselves, we confess to a jumble age, having had a full taste of the *Batti, Batti*, in our early studies; but which has been considerably neutralized by the *Zitti, Zitti*, in the years of our discretion. Rossini must not be condemned on account of self plagiarisms and repetitions. Who can deny to the composer of *Tancredi* the just character of a first rate, nay, an unique artist? To compare him with Mozart, is as preposterous and ill-conceived as to judge Ostade by the works of Michael Angelo.

La Clemenza di Tito has no doubt been re-produced in the laudable view of pleasing all parties, and adding an opera, easily got up, (if professional caprice does not interfere,) to the novelties of the season. It is, certainly, not the best opera of Mozart that could have been drawn to fall in the same rank with Rossini. Composed within the last few months of the author's life, at a time when the contemplation of decaying nature could no longer be drowned in the bowl or the bottle, it follows too naturally that it should partake of the lugubrious thoughts of its parent, although a composition to celebrate the coronation of the Emperor Leopold at Prague. To this drawback may be added the fact of its being a hasty production, commenced only on the journey, and finished in two weeks after Mozart's arrival in the above city. The unusual nakedness of the score, and the melancholy strains which are found in the opera, are the best evidences of these facts; this desponding vein had full scope in the Requiem which followed it, and terminated Mozart's career. Had his life been spared, we might, perhaps, have had to lament the gradual exhaustion of the inventive faculty, and to witness, as in innumerable modern instances, a mass of continued repetition, of no value in itself, but tending considerably to weaken the force of earlier master-pieces. Few have the sense of Pleyel to take the recommendation of a friend in good part, and throw the pen at once into the fire, instead of writing in after years with the stump.

If our memory serves us correctly, *La Clemenza di Tito*, has not been performed at the King's Theatre since the season of 1823. We have a full recollection of it then, as well as of the exertions of Madame Camporese, in the part of *Sesto*, supported by Caradori, Curioni and Placchi. The opera is now cast as follows:—*Tito*, Signor Curioni; *Vitellia*, Madame Caradori; *Sesto*, Madame Schutz; *Servilia*, Signor Castelli; *Publio*, Signor Porto; *Annio*, Signor Deville.

The music and the plot must be so familiar to most of our readers that we shall not detain them by any regular remarks upon either; the few observations which the present performance may elicit we will mention, *en passant*, in speaking of the *personnel* of the opera.

Madame Schutz, a native of Munich, we believe, made her first appearance in England in the part of *Sesto*. This lady boasts rather a commanding figure, and appears fully versed in the 'business' of the stage. Her countenance is not expressive nor indicative of

great feeling, the want of which indeed discovers itself in the whole tone of her performance. We perhaps recollect too freshly the manner in which Madame Camporese acted and sang this part. There was an intensity of feeling in it seldom met with on the Italian stage; but she is no longer here, and we ought not therefore to judge Madame Schutz by that standard. The vocal range of the *debutante* is tolerably extensive; in one of her divisions she ran down two octaves, namely, from the higher B flat to B. Her voice is a *mezzo soprano* of considerable power; but there is in the *timbre* of it a want of clearness, a sort of woolly texture throughout, which renders her upper notes somewhat unsteady and unsatisfactory. Her style is certainly not of the pure Italian kind; nay, we doubt much whether this lady has ever benefited by the genial airs and melodies of the other side of the Alps. Her execution is good, but too much interspersed with shakes; indeed, we seldom heard her dwell upon a note without detecting a certain tremulousness, which might be mistaken for an ornament of that description. She appeared to the greatest advantage in the scena, 'Oh Dei! che smania è questa?' In the recitative obbligato, her lower tones, the finest portion of her voice, had ample field for display, and the latter movement, 'Deh, conservate O Dio,' was given with a clearer intonation of the upper notes than generally pervaded her singing. We remarked the want of this quality, especially in the several duets with Caradori, where the silver tones of the latter did certainly not set off the upper notes of *Sesto* to advantage. In the famous 'Ah perdona al primo affetto,' Madame Schutz, from the extent of her voice, was induced at the very outset to take a liberty with the authentic melody which must have jarred sadly upon the ear of every admirer of Mozart. The combined execution of the latter part of this duet, was, perhaps, the most delicious morsel in the Opera. The air, 'Parto, ma tu ben mio,' was ineffective, and sung occasionally out of tune.

Madame Schutz is, however, an excellent musician, and an acquisition to any theatre. On the Italian stage she will not be a star of the first magnitude. In the English, French, or German Opera, she would move in the highest sphere.

Madame Caradori enters with equal cheerfulness into the music of Mozart or Rossini: we wish we could say the same of every female member of the establishment; indeed one cause of the decline of Mozart, appears to be in the difficulty in getting an Italian *prima donna* to study the music. The part of *Vitellia* is certainly not calculated for Madame Caradori's histrionic powers; it is a perfect Siddonian character; still, when we recollect the 'walking gentleman' which she made five years ago of this vengeful Roman, we cannot withhold our praise as regards her present performance. She also took considerable pains with the music, and in the concerted pieces gave infinite satisfaction. The air 'non più di fiori,' she transposed from F to G with the addition of some tasteful embellishments.

Curioni's *Tito* is known. The part is a beautiful tenor, although not of great importance. His delineation of character was somewhat mild, and the execution of the airs correct but tame; the accompaniments to them appeared occasionally very naked. The air 'Del più sublime soglio' had no effect whatever.

Porto made a very substantial *Publio*, his exertions were meritorious and of great effect in the trios and finales:—as long as this gentleman abstains from arias he is a most valuable member of the company. Mad. Castelli as *Servilia*, gave the only air allotted to her, and a charming one it is, 'Salto che lagrime' in a praiseworthy manner. Signor Deville has little to sing, but as an actor he was always correct in what he had to do; and trod the stage well. There is so large a quantity of recitative in 'La Clemenza di Tito,' that it ought always to have the aid of at least respectable acting; it is the want of this quality that greatly adds to the heaviness of the opera. Mad. Schutz, if her face possessed more expression, would fully act up to the character of *Sesto*, but Caradori, Curioni, and Porto, do certainly not realize our ideas of Roman grandeur and dignity. As we have already noticed, the accompaniments appear occasionally bare, but on the other hand the two finales, especially that of the first act, positively beggar description: their fullness, grandeur, nay sublimity, leave every modern attempt of that *genre* at an immeasurable distance. The tact and precision of the choristers deserve every commendation; the choruses could not have been better executed; we cannot say more.

The Opera has been got up under a former régime, and therefore, the decorations and dresses are not fair matter of criticism at present. We will only hint

to Madame Schutz the inelegance of her long sleeves; the bare arm would be more strictly in costume, and set off her figure to greater advantage.

We apprehend our readers need not be told that the Opera was received with enthusiasm. The house was more full than fashionable, and we remarked a greater number of hats on the heads of the Pit than on any former occasion. On the first night of any work of Mozart the concourse of wise men from the East is ever great. This, however, does not continue; they have other avocations than the *dolce far niente*, and the pilgrimage is not repeated. The composition is, therefore, after one or two nights, left to the *habitués*, of whom nine out of ten will prefer *Tancredi* to *La Clemenza di Tito*. On the present occasion the mercantile interest was fully represented in the House, and we were, therefore, prepared for what followed, the repetition of the greater portion of the opera. Indeed, such was the *furore* at the commencement, that we suspected the proceeding would be without exception; however, the mania either subsided or our friends recollected that the curtain would drop on the Ballet at twelve, and we were, therefore, spared more than one encore in the second act. Previous to the commencement of any air which we were wont to hear in drawing-rooms some ten years back, there was an awful buzz through the house, which fully prepared us for the compensation we were going to receive by the repetition—nay, we thought we perceived, on one occasion, the score of the Opera in the Pit, as a substitute for the libretto.

At the conclusion, the continued applause brought forward Caradori, Schutz, and Curioni. We do not admire this custom, but as we now have the three mystic knocks on the stage, preceding the overture, in lieu of the bell, we see no reason why we should not also finish *à la mode de Paris*.

In the Ballet, Mademoiselle Albert made her second appearance. We may truly say she gains doubly on acquaintance, she dances better and appears younger. To predict that she will prove a first-rate dancer is but faint praise; she justly claims that title at present, and we have little doubt, in a few years, will make an epoch in the Saltatorian annals. We must, however, not lose sight of other favourites, especially when we see such grace and finish in the movements of Anatole; the *pas de deux* between this lady and Gosselin is equal to any thing we have seen for some years.

The 'Crociato' of Meyerbeer, as we anticipated, is announced as forthcoming.

Covent Garden—Saturday.

After an absence of several years from the stage, Miss Stephens made her reappearance at Covent Garden on Saturday, in the character of *Miss Wardour*, in the 'Antiquary.' She was received with the rapturous welcome which a songstress, so long and so deservedly a public favourite, might have anticipated with certainty. She introduced three of her most popular air: 'O no, we never mention him,' 'John Anderson my Joe,' and 'Here's a health to fair Scotland.' The second she sang with her well-known sweetness and expression, and was enthusiastically encored. She was also called on to repeat 'Here's a health to fair Scotland,' more from the desire to prolong the delight derived from listening to the rich and sweet tones of this truly English warbler, rather than from the beauty of the air itself. Miss Stephens appears somewhat thinner than she was wont to be, but she has lost nothing of that interesting manner,—the indication of goodness and of a feeling mind, which, without pretensions to beauty, has won for her the hearts of the public and her colleagues. Her air, carriage, and dress were perfectly lady-like. The piece, which but for her would not have been endurable, is one of those vain attempts to give reality to unsubstantial imaginings, so much to be deprecated in every branch of art. There is hardly a more delightful romance extant than the 'Antiquary'; and a more dull drama than the piece called by the same name, never kept possession of the stage.

The Antiquary was followed by the *Invincibles*, a light musical afterpiece, rendered diverting by the skill and precision with which the manual exercise, the 'shoulder arms' and 'ground arms,' the 'eyes right' and 'eyes left,' and military evolutions of other descriptions, are performed by Miss Cause and five other little small-voiced grenadiers, under the command of the dapper Corporal Vestris; all seven attired, to the strictness of a button-hole, in the terrible blue and white uniform, and invested, as to the nether lip, with the glossy awe-inspiring moustaches of the Garde Impériale,—of that guard 'qui meurt et ne se rend pas.' The plot of this piece is as follows: a hearty French General has the care of the daughter of an old friend,

absent from the country. An officer, in the regiment of Lancers commanded by the General, is an admitted lover of the ward, and anxious to be made happy without delay, but the General has engaged his word that she shall remain undisturbed until her father's return. It is carnival season, and half a dozen officers, in masks, gain admission into the house of the General. They are discovered, and committed, in affected earnestness, by the colonel, as prisoners in his castle for absence from duty without leave. The garrison of the castle consists of three invalids: and, upon these veterans, the six lovers of the prisoners palm an order to be received into the castle as a reinforcement in the character of a corporal's piquet of the Invincibles. The young ladies make themselves known to their adorers, but the General missing his niece arrives at the castle to give orders for a search, and is received with all military honours, both by his old garrison and the Invincibles. A second discovery now takes place, but without the knowledge of the fierce Whiskerande, whom the general conspires with his lancers to punish for adopting man's attire. The men dress themselves as Algerines, and threaten an attack on the castle. The Invincibles are drawn out, and very naturally find a difficulty to 'screw their courage to the sticking-post,' and on the first shot give a scream, throw down their arms, and flee. Then ensue of course the *éclaircissement*, the appearance of the father, and the happiness of the respective pairs. The most amusing situation, which occurs in the progress of these incidents, always excepting the going through the manual exercise by the formidable Invincibles is when every one of these has to take a lancer into custody. Each of course chooses her own prisoner, and each with a drawn sword seizes on a tall lancer, to whose shoulder her head hardly reaches. The contrast in size in the uniforms, the blue of these, the white of those, has an excellent and ludicrous scenic effect. We need not notice the spirit with which the clever Madame Vestris played her part of the Corporal. Her female attire resumed—she retained as if by mistake her black mustachios, and with that anomaly appeared before the public. There was a great laugh at the time. This representation is accompanied with some homely but very pleasing music. The *finale* chorus, especially, of the first act, was very lively and pretty, and pleased universally. Mr. Wood has established himself as an acquisition to the musical department of the stage, Miss Cawse sang very sweetly, and Madame Vestris with her accustomed fine toned voice and her usual spirit.

On Wednesday last, Mademoiselle Sontag essayed, for the first time, the character of *Aménide*, in the opera of Tancredi; and Madame Pisoni undertook also, for the first time in Paris, the part of *Tancredi*. The enthusiasm with which the former lady was applauded, was such, that in the midst of the grand air with the violin accompaniment; at the beginning of the second act, the shouts of admiration interrupted the performance, and constrained the songstress to pause and express her acknowledgements. Madame Pisoni, on the contrary, although most favourably received on first appearing, was disapproved, and even hissed as soon as she had finished the famous rondo 'Di tanti palpiti.'

These marks of disapprobation are said by a French critic to have been provoked by the ill-timed applauses of some injudicious partisans; 'for,' adds the same writer, 'Madame Pisoni did not altogether fail in her *cavatina*; such a singer as she is, could not have so done but on purpose; but she did not give to this love-song, that character of tender passion,—that inexpressible charm which it has in the lips of Pasta. When Mademoiselle Sontag re-appeared, retaliatory hisses were vented against her by the friends of Pisoni.

The same Journal, (the 'Gazette de France,') from which we have taken the above-written particulars, gives the following announcement of a proposed benefit for Miss Smithson: 'During the six months that the English Theatre has now been open at Paris, Miss Smithson has constantly excited admiration by the most brilliant and extraordinary dramatic talents which have ever been exhibited in Europe. Pathetic to the highest degree in tragedy, a few characters, of which the originals belong to our language, have afforded her the opportunity of showing to those who do not understand her's, that she is equally natural and effective in comedy. The admirers of this great actress, that is to say, all the people of intelligence and taste in Paris, will learn, not without lively satisfaction, that the managers of the *Theâtre Français*, as well out of gratitude for her eminent services, as of respect to the universal desire, have determined to grant her a special benefit performance. The day fixed on is the 3d of March. The companies of the *Comédie Française*, and of the *Opéra Italien*, are to lend their aid. What an assemblage of ta-

lent!—Mademoiselle Mars, Mademoiselle Sontag, Madame Pisoni, and Miss Smithson herself! If there were need of adding particular considerations to such powerful attractions, the personal qualities which, in Miss Smithson, increase the lustre of her talents and beauty, would amply supply them.

AREOPAGITICA; OR A SPEECH FOR THE LIBERTY OF BEING.

Scene, Paris; Hotel de Lyons; Rue de la Gussienne.

Why did you seem cast down, my poor boy, as soon as you entered Paris? You were merry enough in coming along, and almost overturned us by the exuberance of your applause and encouragement to the postillions, as they galloped over 'the vine covered hills and gay regions of France.' But on approaching the barriers, a sudden gloom overspread your brow, and the cheerful, busy, variegated scene no longer appeared to afford you any satisfaction. Was it that the number and diversity of objects distracted you? Did you expect to find Paris a paltry village, and only a few half starved *petit-maitres* straggling about in it? Or were you disappointed at not being able to bring Salisbury Plain on your shoulders, and to throw it down in the midst of a great metropolis, so as to find yourself here as well as there, the chief object of your own attention in a barren solitude? Oh! beware of this as of a fatal error: shrink back from indulging this train of thought, as from the edge of a precipice. 'Tis envy of the worst kind that grudges not merely the comforts, but the existence of others; 'tis pride mortified at finding itself an unnoticed individual in a new world of life and action. Cease, cease at once from the vain strife, to narrow the bounds of existence to your own dimensions, and learn rather to expand your thoughts to the limits of the universe. I am afraid, you take some of this over-weening self-opinion from me; and I know what it costs to get rid of it, or to conform in practice to the sentiment of the poet—

'The man whose eye

Is ever on himself, doth look on one,
The least of nature's works, one who might move
The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
Unlawful ever!

You left a million of people behind you in London: that you thought was enough; and you were not prepared to find seven hundred thousand more at Paris, with looks, manners, feelings, and pursuits, different from what you have been accustomed to, and who are as entire strangers to you as you are to them. This seemed to depress and discourage you quite. I cannot much blame, nor do I think the worse of you for it; at least, I am sure the feeling was English; and I am English in every thing but Toryism, and Toryism is not English. It showed a power of reflection, and a desire of sympathy, which, properly directed, may be turned to good account. For instance, you cannot, if you would, thin this immense population down to a few select and insulated individuals who may be occupied in attending to you, and you to them; and you ought not, if you could. The map of the world is spread out, and the generations of men roll on in never-ending succession in spite of you. What is your objection to the confused, shifting, countless throng before your eyes? Are they quite mean and contemptible? In that case, you would think no more of them than of a swarm of insects buzzing round you. Are they too happy? Oh, no! never fear that. Only wish them well, and you will be able to put up with all the excess of felicity they may have or pretend to have over you. But you say they are a mob; and it is this glittering, desultory, pie-bald appearance, that tantalises and repels you, that takes you out of yourself, and gives no hold to your imagination or affections. At home, among your companions, there were one or two persons that you knew and liked, and then you felt a confidence in yourself, an attachment to them. Here you are surrounded by thousands,

with no one of whom, nor with the whole together, you have the smallest sympathy; all your former notions, feelings, prejudices, and expectations, are scattered like dust before the breeze; you are but one in a million of atoms, alike worthless and disregarded by each other; every one that passes you without notice, convinces you of your insignificance; every new face, every new object, is a mask or riddle that adds to your perplexity and embarrassment. But all this, or the greatest part of it, arises from the novelty of the scene, and you would not feel the same in London. Your first arrival in Paris is an interesting event to you; but you cannot expect others to be apprised of, or take an equal interest in it. You are not a conqueror or the camel-leopard, that the whole population, with the Institute and M. Jouy at its head, should come out to meet you. All you have to do, and all you came for is, to see and not to be seen. The *veni vidi* is enough without the *vici*. Otherwise, it is, as if in crossing the Alps, you should be making disadvantageous reflections on your diminutive size, instead of admiring the grandeur of nature. You cannot add a cubit to your stature, nor bow the mountain's head at your feet; but you can enlarge or narrow the circle of your perceptions as you please. It is true, you are but a speck in the universe; yet you ought not to be ashamed, but proud of the thought; for it is only by looking out of itself, not by exaggerating its own self-importance, or being blind to that of others, that the mind can attain true greatness or elevation. You complain of the want of sympathy; and this is the real source of the annoyance. The figures that you see, resemble a phantasmagoria, or puppets moved by wires; and measuring their indifference to you by yours to them, you imbibe, and, as it were, become an unwilling accomplice in their contempt for yourself. But a little knowledge and consideration should cure this. As you have acquisitions, interests, and pursuits, which they know nothing of, so you may be sure that each individual of that indistinct crowd has some favourite pursuit, some anxious wish, some cherished recollection, which fills up the aching void, which is not in them, but in your imagination, and instantly converts the motley group from lifeless automata into living beings. Suppose you became acquainted with some of the number: do you imagine you would find them the mere flimsy outside appearances you at first thought them, without common understanding or feeling? Why, then, should you conceive a distaste to the whole mass, which is composed of such materials, and to yourself, too, merely for being strangers to each other? It is not then the multitude of living, moving, sentient beings, to which you object, but the seeming idle mockery of existence and enjoyment, and your own inability to supply so many superficial passing forms with thought and feeling. Again, you own that you were startled at first with the brilliancy and animation of the scene, with the liveliness and grace of the women, the intelligence of many of the countenances. That surely is not a ground of disappointment or dissatisfaction. But you doubt whether this superiority is real, and that the mind does not correspond to the face. Wait and see, and, in the mean time, admire the picture as long as you can. Fancy that it has a heart for a pendant: if not, still admire the picture! But you will reply, perhaps, that they make you feel this superiority in a painful manner, by marks of contempt for you as a visitor. That alone puts you on an immediate level with them: impertinence is never to be envied; and as to their conceit of themselves, do not let that drive you into the opposite extreme of over-modesty. In general, the English are looked at with all the respect, and not half the hatred they deserve.

I think you must have found some confirmation of what I have been saying last night at the play. Did you complain or feel uneasy because the pit was full, or because the boxes were lighted

up with intelligent smiles? On the contrary, had the house been empty or indifferent, would it not have thrown a damp upon the scene? This proves that the repugnance to a crowd is not founded on an unsocial or misanthropic principle; for when there is a common object in view, and an understood and undoubted source of public gratification, the more persons participate in it, the greater and the more unalloyed is the satisfaction of each. Only ask yourself, if we should have had half the pleasure, or if we should not have felt uncomfortable and disappointed in seeing Moliere's master-piece of the *Tartuffe* performed, as such a play ought to be performed, with every character perfectly understood, cast, and done to the life like a piece of intellectual mechanism—with Grandville's round wondering eyes, little pink snub-nose, dimpled cheeks, demure contented aspect, and his *pauvre homme*, (as *Orgon*), re-echoed by Madame Demerson, in *Dorothea*, with broad laughing good-humour, folded arms and side-long disdain; the villainous hypocrisy and grinning licentiousness of the *Tartuffe*, contrasted with the prudish reserve and drily articulated answers of Mademoiselle Mars, as the wife of *Orgon*,—could we have seen all this with any thing like the same admiration and delight, if there had been nobody present to witness or to enter fully into one of those rare treats* which make the world worth living in, a first-rat play, imitatively acted? Both you and every play-goer will, I am sure, say, No. We only want elbow-room, and to keep aloof from others when they interrupt the indulgence of our own reveries, and we have no means of judging of what is passing in their minds. An army imposes on the imagination, not less by its numbers than by its uniformity and its bravery. A mob is formidable and respectable when its objects are defined, and its leaders understand one another. A crowd is only contemptible, teasing and distressing, from its scattered, disjointed appearance, from the want of unity of action, and the number of contradictory, petty and unknown interests into which it is divided. Still, then, let us have faith in humanity. Let us not be always looking at ourselves in a little miserable pocket-mirror; nor expecting others to be engrossed with our egotism instead of their own. When Madame Demerson stood before you in that admirable scene with *Orgon*, answering his idle rage and impatience with graceful ease and unaffected superiority, were you thinking yourself, or wishing any one else to do so? You were only intent on what was passing on the stage, and delighted that others were so, convinced that their thoughts could not be better employed. When we wish all the world to fix their eyes on us, it is only because we feel of no value in our own: the cravings of envy, vanity or spleen, are soon appeased by a cordial relish for our own enjoyments, or a thorough conviction of those of others.

INSTITUTION OF THE ROSE FESTIVAL AT SALENCY.

By Count Ferri di S. Costante.

Candida rosa nata in dure spine,
Quando fia chi sua pari al mondo trove.—PETRARCH.

It has been remarked, that the most trivial rewards are often found sufficient to excite the mind to virtuous emulation, provided they be only bestowed where they are well merited. Emulation, however, founded solely upon views of worldly interest, from the very nature of the recompence proposed, is rather calculated to debase than to elevate the human character. Upon the former principle, the Romans proposed their prizes of oaken crowns, and their statues adorned with laurel and the bay. Upon this foundation, in short, they raised their empire of the world.

Amidst triumphal wreaths, dedicated to Victory and Renown, let us not refuse to do justice to the memory of the virtuous Medardo, who, from a simple garland of roses, produced the virtue and happiness, not only of his own, but many following generations in his native place, over which he presided as bishop of

* Not rare in France.

the district. He was born about the middle of the sixth century at Salency, in Picardy, and he appointed that every year a village festival should be held, and a garland of roses be conferred upon that maiden of the village who should be declared by the public voice the best deserving of it from her conduct in the several duties of her station. It is recorded, that in the first instance he had the pleasure of conferring the prize on his own sister, who had been unanimously elected Rose Maiden for the first year. Every one saluted the queen of the village festival, 'La Rosiera,' as she was appropriately denominated, and became subjects and hand-maids to the best of her sex.

Antiquity cannot boast of an institution at once more simple, elegant, and productive of admirable effects, than this. For all the young girls in the place and in the vicinity flattered themselves they should be enabled to win the garland; and, with this view, they devoted themselves to the discharge of every duty, and to the cultivation of every grace and virtue most becoming their sex. The young men likewise, in order to recommend themselves to the good opinion of the 'Rosiera,' or chosen Queen, became more cautious in their conduct, more gentle and noble in their manners, less passionate and violent in their amusements and pursuits. From so simple a cause as this do the inhabitants of Salency still retain the same simplicity and cultivation, wholly free from the usual rudeness we observe in other villagers. Their 'Rosiera,' in receiving the crown due to virtue, confers honour upon the whole of her connections and family, who thus, indeed, may be said to have all shared the prize.

We often hear of long voyages being undertaken to gratify a vain curiosity; but, for our own part, we think that few objects would better reward the attention of the tourist, and call his warmest and noblest feelings into play, than a sight of the happy festival of Salency. My recollections of it are among some of the most pleasant that I can recal to mind. On first being present, I inquired into the manner they adopted to preserve the ceremony free from all party-spirit. I was informed, that, about a month preceding the ceremony, they make a general election of three young maidens, whose names are presented to the Lord Bishop, and he selects from these that of her who appears most deserving of the honour. The decision is instantly made public, in order to hear the general opinion; for the election would be annulled were any to bring forward accusations that could establish the most trivial objections to the Queen of the Rose. On the occasion at which I was present, the choice fell upon the youthful Coletta, a choice approved even by her rivals. Heaven seemed to have lavished upon her the utmost grace and beauty, as if to render virtue even more attractive and beautiful. She alone appeared not to be aware of her own loveliness; and all her words and actions seemed to be impressed with the same natural simplicity that reigned in her heart. She had lost her mother at the age of fourteen; yet being the eldest, had taken upon herself the care of her brothers and sisters, and, by the force of her precepts and her example, had already formed them to habits of piety and virtue.

On the day of the ceremony she appeared arrayed in white; and was borne to the adjacent mansion accompanied by her family, by twelve hand-maids dressed also in white, and escorted by twelve of the handsomest young men in the village, to the sound of music and songs. On her arrival, she was conducted by the Lord Bishop of the castle to the parish church, where Divine service was celebrated as she stood in the midst of the choir. She was afterwards led into the chapel of St. Medardo, where the venerable pastor bestowed his blessing upon the crown laid upon the altar, and after a brief but affecting address, placed it upon the head of the happy Coletta. This being done, *Te Deum* was celebrated, ending with a hymn to the holy St. Medardo. Fortunate inhabitants of Salency, who can boast a saint who founded so simple and useful an institution. How amiable and imposing an effect may be wrought out of the simplest materials, when directed with open and honest views! We see the virgin in the act of receiving the precious gift; she blushes, she almost weeps with joy, and yet feels a sensation of awe, as if she were receiving the crown from the hand of St. Medardo himself.

After leaving the church, La Rosiera was invited to partake of a simple and frugal banquet prepared by the older inhabitants; and the festival subsequently concluded with a rural ball, in which it was not easy to decide whether love or innocence was carried to a warmer degree of animation and delight.

In order more nearly to cultivate the acquaintance of the young Rosiera, I went next morning to the house of the village bailly, where I congratulated the vener-

able old father of this lovely girl; so exquisitely beautiful, yet so unaffected and kind. 'It is true,' replied the old man, 'she is my only comfort; she has all the good qualities of her mother from whom they came.' The bailly entreated him to show us the numerous garlands which the family had received, all carefully preserved. The father then opened a chest full of crowns, each of which bore a distinct date, the most ancient bearing that of the 12th century. 'These are true titles of nobility!' I exclaimed to the bailly, 'they are worth more than monarchs have to bestow,—all testimonials of private worth.' The fair Coletta turned my attention to one of the last; it was that obtained by her mother. 'Alas!' she said, as a tear started into her eye, 'why could she not be with us to have seen mine? It would have been, as if it were her own, acquired only by imitating her virtues. Accept, dearest mother, this homage and this crown from me. Let it ever rest by the side of yours: farewell!'

CHINESE CRITICISM.—DR. MORRISON AND 'THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.'

To the Editor of the *Athenæum*.

SIR,—In 'THE QUARTERLY REVIEW,' published Michaelmas 1827, an attempt is made to amuse the readers of that Journal by a lively article on some translations from the Chinese language, by Mr. Thoms, the printer of Dr. Morrison's Chinese and English Dictionary. The Chinese poem is not 'done into English,' and Mr. Thoms is in the Reviewer's power. I leave them, with this remark only, that a Reviewer, who wished (and whose duty it is) to encourage efforts to increase the knowledge of the public, would, when faults in translation, or errors in language, in a young and unpractised writer, call for animadversion, at the same time accord praise for industry in attaining any knowledge of a language so little attractive in its structure and writings as the Chinese, and for boldness in giving that knowledge to his countrymen, who are not too well informed on the subject of the Chinese language, or any other point connected with that empire.

The Reviewer, however, is not satisfied with his fair quarry, the translator of the Chinese poem, but also intrudes an ill-natured remark on the writings of an author who is not *judicially* before him; a paltry underhand stab at a man who is now in China devoting his life to pursuits of the highest character. The following sentence is copied from the Review:

'Of Venus, for one of the cramp-footed deities of China; and Hades, for the Chinese paradise; but this last flourish he got from Dr. Morrison, whose English is pretty much of the same stamp with that of Mr. Thoms.'

Why the Reviewer should leave his task thus gratuitously, to insult the far-distant Dr. Morrison, is best known to himself: the deed, whatever be the motive, cannot be justified. Let us now see whether the critical remarks are sound; and, firstly, there are no cramp-footed deities in China; the 'bow-foot' is not a distinctive mark of any of the numerous idols of the sect Fuh or Budh, which religion was brought from India about A. D. 80. *Le-how-Choo*, about A. D. 900, ordered his concubine to bind up her foot, and cause it to appear small, and in the shape of the new moon; from this sprung the imitation of every other female: so that the 'bow-foot' is a fashion, like our small waists, of mortals, not of goddesses. Secondly, Hades, the Reviewer says, is 'for the Chinese paradise,'—(Query, Does the Reviewer take Hades and Elysium to be synonymous terms?) The Budh sect in China talk about a Teen Shang Lo Guen, 'a garden of pleasure in heaven'; but the characters in the poem, translated by the word Hades, are either *Yin-Keen*, or *Yew-Hiean*, or *Kew-Tseuen*. The character *Yin*, means 'obscure,' 'the shade,' 'the inferior principle of matter'; *Keen*, 'between, empty, vacant'; *Yew*, from hill, and woody valleys, dark, hidden, a deep recess; *Hiean*, from spirit and vapour, the shade, the manes; *Kew-Tseuen*, i. e. the nine springs; in these two characters the illusion is not so evident. As the English language now possesses no synonyme for the two first-quoted phrases, will the Reviewer yet call it a flourish to translate them by the word Hades, after reading the following definitions, with which, as a scholar, he must be acquainted:

Adms, obscure, invisible from a neg.; and *dsu*, to see. Further, *hau*, to ask; *hau*, the invisible state of the dead; the place and state of those, *qui in questione sunt*, who are out of the way, and to be sought for. In this view, it seems nearly to answer to the Greek *Adms*, (by which the LXX. almost constantly render it,) i. e. *hina*, *trans*, the invisible place; the old signification

of the English word Hell, from the Saxon helan, to hide, denoted the concealed or unseen place of the dead.—See Morrison's Chinese Dictionary, and Parkhurst's Greek and Hebrew Lexicons.

Those 'who think themselves wise, or who are thought wise by others,' and who presume to teach, lead, or govern their fellows, should, by the devotion of their time and talents to the particular pursuits in which they seek for distinction, at least have the merit of attempting to gain information to fit them for their high calling; and, above all, should perform their duty with urbanity and sincerity; but if, on the contrary, they appear before the tribunal of public opinion, under the name of a Quarterly Reviewer, ignorant of their task, and forgetful of the interest of the 'Republic of Letters Commonwealth of Learning,' they deserve exposure and contempt. Y. Z.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—In an article which appears in 'Blackwood' of this month, entitled 'The Battle of Vittoria,' the writer makes two assertions, which prove either that his memory has failed him, or that he wrote from inspiration, when describing 'The Battle';—one is that the night previously to the engagement was *excessively rainy*; and the other is, that General Cotton commanded the Cavalry. Now, I was close to the rear of the 71st Infantry on the night in question, and I never beheld more mild and pleasant June weather in my life than it was, until about one o'clock, when a *slight shower fell*. With regard to Sir Stapleton Cotton being in command, I have only to observe, that that General was in England at the time, and that the Cavalry was commanded by Baron Bock. I would not mention this matter, but that the errors might lead some aspiring historian astray in touching the Peninsular war with his pen, if allowed to remain on the face of that oracle of Mr. Blackwood, so remarkable for never indulging in the marvellous. I beg THE ATHENÆUM to correct the error.

PERTINAX LIGHTBOB.

St. James's Place, 23d Feb., 1828.

ACCOUNT OF CAPTAIN DURVILLE'S EXPEDITION.

At a late Meeting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Freycinet read a letter from M. M. Quoy and Gaimart, dated Tonga Tabou, May, 1827. We published about a week ago a letter from M. M. Quoy and Gaimart, written from New Zealand. We did not certainly entertain the least expectation of so soon receiving fresh accounts of this expedition.

Unfortunately, those communicated by M. Freycinet to the academy are very afflicting.

In their last letter, dated Feb. 1827, M. M. Quoy and Gaimart, announced that the expedition had reached New Zealand, where they anticipated a rich harvest of scientific knowledge; but M. Durville, having found it necessary to repair to Tonga Tabou to complete his observations, a whole month was occupied in the passage from New Zealand to that station, a voyage which is generally performed in ten or twelve days.

'We arrived' says this letter 'at Tonga Tabou, on the 20th of May. We unfortunately ran aground, but the weather being fine we were soon enabled to get afloat again. Not long after, however, the weather became bad, the wind contrary, and we were driven at the distance only of a few fathoms from the breakers, which at low water were perfectly dry. On our starboard side, we had only just a sufficient depth of water to prevent our touching; on our larboard thirty-five fathoms, and at the distance of about six fathoms no bottom. All our anchors were successively let go. Those which had chain cables held firm; but from time to time we had our cables break, and momentarily expected, what we now looked on as inevitable, the total destruction of the *Astrolabe*.

'For twenty-four hours one of the smallest cables only held us in this position. You may imagine with what anxiety all our attention was directed towards this frail hope. In the evening the boats were ranged along side the vessel in readiness to receive us. It will suffice, however, to inform you, that for three days the vessel continued in this frightful situation, without our having any prospect of relief, but from the rising of a strong wind.

'We were, however, visited by canoes filled with natives. Every morning thirty or forty of them came and ranged themselves along the reef, to await the instant in which they might profit by the wreck of our vessel.

These men seemed like so many vultures, to be eagerly awaiting the destruction of their prey, in order to divide the spoils. Some of the chiefs who were on board did not appear to possess sufficient power to restrain them; or rather, perhaps, they themselves were equally anxious to profit by the circumstance.

'Mr. Durville at length determined on securing their confidence and assistance, by promising them a share in the wreck. He, no doubt, acted prudently in so doing, since, as it happened, it was to these chiefs we were compelled to be indebted for lodging and support. And from that moment they exerted all their influence to disperse the multitude.

'On the second day the wind became more favourable, and our stern only holding by one anchor and a cable which we expected every moment to part, the commander, determined on making use of his last and most desperate resource, which was to set sail.

You may easily conceive the anxiety of this moment; our cable was slipped, and our sails set. The result was, that we were thrown a few fathoms further on the breakers, but fortunately, the current counterbalancing the wind, which was at that time being light, carried us back again to our former position, when we again availed ourselves of the moorings which had been left attached to the buoys. Without anchors, without any resources, who could have anticipated a favourable result, and not looked on a total wreck as certain? It was then that the commander assembled all the Chiefs, addressed them through the means of Singleton, the Englishman, (the same of whom Mariner speaks). All swore, that having taken us under their protection, they would perish sooner than suffer the slightest evil to happen to us. Paon, and the most influential Chiefs, harrangued the multitude with that savage eloquence, which is worthy the attention of an observer, and dispersed the crowd which surrounded us. We again attempted to set sail, under almost as many disadvantages as at first, but happily with greater success.

'The *Astrolabe* was saved. From that moment the greatest abundance reigned on board. And as we always maintained the respect of the Natives, this abundance continued during our stay amongst them.

'Our vessel is in safety, but what is to become of the remainder of the voyage, having lost four anchors out of seven? We are ignorant of what course M. Durville will pursue, deprived of those resources which are so indispensable to us, in those seas to which our course is directed.

'We still talk of visiting the islands of Fidje; and seeing what may be done at New Guinea, with our small number of anchors. We have only two left, the third having only one arm or fluke.

'The English Missionaries established at Tonga rendered us all the services possible for men newly established, and possessing but very little influence.

'If the Academy has received our communication from Port Jackson, assure them that we have since collected much more numerous and valuable materials. Our greatest anxiety is that they should reach them in safety, should any accident of the nature of that we have just escaped, destroy our vessel, which to this moment has encountered only violent gales, calms, or contrary winds.

'We write in great haste, and pass over many things to which we have not time to advert.

NEW INVENTIONS.

I. *A Method of Instantaneous Communication, by Day or Night, between London and any other Town in England or Scotland; or between any two Towns on the Continent, at whatever distance situate from one another.*

THE Instrument for Instantaneous Communication is very simple of construction, and most unerring in operation. It consists of two small Boxes, placed at any distance (that may be assigned) apart; but connected with each other by rods of a peculiar kind, which may either be sunk under ground to any depth and firmly imbedded, or not sunk, at pleasure.

This Instrument is, in its action, totally unconnected with Electricity, Magnetism, Galvanism, Light, or any other subtle species of matter; and yet any intelligence can be transmitted from one box to the other, let the distance be what it may, *instantaneously*.

The boxes are made in such wise, that the precise words of any piece of reading or writing may be communicated from box to box; and that any conversation may be held on any subject, and in any language, with the utmost facility and correctness.

II. *The Secret of Constructing a new Machine of very great Power, called the Hydrodynamic Engine, for suddenly producing immense Pressure, which Pressure may either be continued, or instantly removed at option.*

THE Hydrodynamic Engine is of simple construction, but of most surprising power. By it a small quantity of liquid is made to exert an astonishing force, which is easy manageable, and perfectly free from danger. This force (being intermittent, if required) can impart motion to every species of machinery at an expense the most trifling. Fire is not employed, nor is any more liquid requisite than that used at first,—and yet the power can be increased to equal the strength of any number of horses.

The Hydrodynamic Engine, in fact, may be substituted with great saving, and advantage, for the Steam Engine, in a variety of instances, although, perhaps, not in every instance; it may, likewise, be made to supersede the Hydraulic Press, and may be applied with extraordinary facility to cranes and the raising of weights.

Either of these secrets may be purchased, we understand, for five hundred pounds down; and five thousand pounds more within twelve months after the purchaser takes out his patent.

DREADFUL STORM IN INDIA.

THE following account of a storm, taken from an Indian paper, is highly curious:

'A sacrifice in honour of the God of the wind, or any separate religious service to him, (besides what is comprised in the worship of other divinities, by way of a secondary rite), having been unknown in India for a length of time, the deity seems to have been highly offended, and gave tokens of his displeasure that threatened the destruction of the country, on the 1st of Jyeshtha, between 4 and 5 p. m. at the head of the 49 winds. First of all, the tall trees bowed before him, then the houses, and afterwards, men, cows, and other animals. A particular account of these things must be superfluous; but, for general information, we have given a few lines on the subject in this corner of our paper. For about eight cos on both sides of the holy river, Ganga, every thing has been levelled to the ground: it is thought that the hurricane which visited this part of Hindostan some few years ago, and which is still proverbially known under the title of the "hurricane of Kartik," caused greater depredations, but some persons living who were witnesses of that squall, maintain it as their opinion, that the present is not very inferior to that. All the houses thatched with tiles, from Burah Bazar, to the Poshtah of Sukhnoy Roy, were thrown down in a moment; the tiles flying a great way off, and striking against each other with great violence. About 2000 houses were thus destroyed: cottages thatched with straw, and consequently, the easiest victims, are not of course included in this list. As for trees, cocoa-nuts, mangoes, dates, &c. &c., they were blown down in numbers. On the river, from Gardenreach to Chitpore, four ferry boats were sunk, by which several persons lost their lives: four of the passengers were saved by a boat belonging to a gentleman of the Bishop's College. Three men who had gone over the river for mangoes, were found dead at Macarha, three at Domegurhy, two at Salkha, and one at Kulakasa, and other persons were much hurt: two patelah boats, laden with cotton, were lost, and as for boats of a smaller size, numbers of them were wrecked. We cannot conclude this account without offering a suggestion. The natives have a proverb that "the cold is past, and it is now the fear of fire and water:" to this we may with propriety, add a new element this year, and conclude with recommending all people to propitiate the deity of wind, with burnt offerings and suitable worship.—*Timira Nasak.*

Slavery.—We may distinguish the history of Slavery into three periods. The first is, that of pagan slavery; the second, that of feudal slavery; and the third, that of negro slavery. It is worthy of remark, that Gregory the Great considered the offering of some English youths for sale at Rome, as so frightful a spectacle, that he instantly concluded Christianity was unknown in their country.

Mrs. Buonaparte Vyse.—We have heard it reported that Mrs. Buonaparte Vyse is about to make a visit to England, her husband's estate in Ireland having proved too dull for her foreign taste. It is said she intends becoming a professional authoress here, under the patronage of the Duchess of St. Alban's and some other great personages, by whom she has been invited over. How far the report is correct we know not, but it is founded on a private letter from a man of rank in Ireland.

A POET'S ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.

Inscribed to Earl Mountbatten.

My Lord.—'E'er since the votive days
Of Halifax were strewn with bays,
And poets, fond of dedicating,
Kept anxious readers sometimes waiting,
While they prefaced the coming story
With compliment to Whig or Tory—
Things seem, my Lord, at least to me
Not quite so well as they might be;
Or else—and this I think's a fact,
They're not—let's see—not so compact,
As when the Muse, with all due honour,
Had other 'greatness thrust upon her,'
And step'd into the world more free,
Companion'd by nobility.

Yes! things are changed since Pope and Swift
Wrote somewhat with more care and thrift;
When people, who essay'd to rhyme,
Made more of thought and less of time
Than those who, at the present day,
Have nought to do but rhyme away,
As though 'twas but the occupation
Of every sinner in the nation;
Yes, things are changed, my Lord, and we
(so great is our proficiency
In all those matters which, of yore,
Were known, perhaps, to half a score!)
Stand forward, one and all, and claim
A sort of undivided fame;
Grow patrons all, and poets, too,
And critics, able to review;
Talk learnedly of present things,
And of our great imaginings;
In short, compare them with the past,
And at the wonder stand aghast!

I shan't attempt, however, to dwell
On matters which you know so well;
Nor at this moment interfere
With things which have no business here;
But, glancing o'er them as a text
To what, my Lord, is coming next,
Beg leave, most humbly, to submit:
What for the Muse's eye was writ,
By one who, I'm concern'd to say,
Left this mad world the other day,
Abstracting with his hopes and fears
The promise of the coming years,
And certain joys—but 'tis too late!—
One can't pretend to strive with fate.

ACHATES.

A POET'S ADDRESS TO THE MUSE.

O rhoe! whatever thou may'st be—
Sylph, Gnome, or Shade, or Deity!
Thou who so often dost inspire
The wit when it begins to tire;
Put me in a falling verse,
And all the clouds of thought disperse;
Nay, sometimes in a modest strain
Wake fancies that ne'er sleep again—
Dear meddling Nymph, just step this way,
I've got a word or two to say.

I don't intend to call thee, Jade,
For all the mischief thou hast made,
Nor be, as others might, abusive
For all thy wicked arts inclusive,
The sinful spells and, God knows what,
Which thou hast thrown about my lot;
The various troubles thou hast wrought me,
The straits to which so oft thou'st brought me;
The burning passions thou hast raised,
Until my mind has been half crazed;
Reproaches, aye, reproach and shame,
Which thou hast brought upon my name,—
Although, God knows, not much to blame!
I won't attempt this, 'cause 't would be
An idle waste of words on thee,
But simply tell thee what I think,
In 'black and white,' and pen and ink.

What devil put it in thy head
To dream of me? Why not, instead,
Have let me go my sober way,
As happy as the living day?
I thought thee well enough, 'tis true,
That is to say, as others do;
And listen'd to thy voice at times,
In various ways, and various rhymes;
Read now this poet, now the other,
And look'd upon him as my brother,
But should as soon have thought of death,
As plucking bays from out thy wreath,
Had not thy most confounded spells,
Harps, lutes, and lyres, and magic shells,
Ring such sweet music in my ear,
I could not for the world forbear,
But tumbled in the net at once,
Though half a fool, and just a dunce!

Hast thou forgot those pleasant hours,
That, as they say, were strewn with flowers,
When first my heart thou didst enthrall,
Converting it at once to gall?
Young, blithe, and confident as young,
Thou know'st my fancies all were strung,
Like pearls, or any other things
Whose worth's in our imaginings.
I was a boy, fresh come from sea,
With just enough of thought to be
A dreamer in this dreaming space,
And, like the rest, I ran my race.
I loved, and was beloved again,
Though somehow the affair proved vain;
I was like any bird, and flew
From joy to joy, for all was new;
I lived in hope, and of the vast
Of coming years judged by the past;
I surfeited on bliss, and took
My pleasures as from out a book,
Whose every leaf unstain'd should be
With darkness and impurity.

Alas!—aye, yes, 'tis come to this
Trite sign of joy's antithesis!—
I say, alas! and just forbear,
Whenever I think of thee, to swear;
But 'tis too late: and so, I fell—
As thou, remorseless Jezebel,
With all thy woman's charms, dost know—
Down, down thy drear abyss of woe!
And what a change came o'er me then,
The moment I took up the pen;
Aye, what a change the moment I
Began to dream of poetry!
I grew reserved, impatient, proud,
Scorn'd mixing with the vulgar crowd;
Read much, thought more, and by degrees
Lost all my old accustomed ease;
Made friends look shy, e'en some suspicious,
They thought my mind was growing vicious,
Designing, dark, forbidding, evil,
As though I commun'd with the Devil.
But this was nought—at least, to me,—
'T was nothing to my hopes in thee;
'T was nothing to that glancing flame
In which, methought, I saw my name
Emblazoned o'er the coming time,
With all the other lights sublime.
'T was nothing—for, methought, mine ears
Drank sounds harmonious as the spheres;
Heard strains melodious as the breath
Of zephyr, when he droops to death;
Heard whispers sweeter far than all
That is most sweet and musical;
Heard,—but 'tis vain indeed to say
All that I heard,—'tis passed away:
Passed like all other vain delusions,
That leave us to our own conclusions,
When waking from our dream, at last,
We look with sorrow on the past,
Reflect on all the hopes we've crost,
And, what is worse, the time we've lost!

Death of my life! why didst thou come
With all these fancies troublesome!
What is the passing word to me,
Unless, thou luckless imp! it be
A pleasant thing before my eyes?
What care I for thy mysteries!
Nay, let the sun at morning shine
All o'er the east; let him incline
His length along the western hill,
And leave the moon and stars at will;
Let these appear in all their lustre,
Now scatter'd, and now in a cluster;
Let silence reign around, save where
Some little warbler, here and there,
Betrays the secret of the grove,—
It cannot move me or my love.
Time was, indeed, I felt the power,
Or thought I did, of such an hour,
When, drunk with all thy charms and spells,
I gave my mind to nothing else;
When o'er my soul, methought, there came
A sense for which I have no name;
A sadness, something like a joy;
A hope, that still, without was coy;
A strange and most mysterious feeling,
Beyond my uttering or revealing;
A music of the mind, than which
I know of nought on earth more rich;
A—but, alas! alas! 'tis vain
To talk of things one can't explain!
I felt, however, something more
Than e'er I thought to feel before,
And being partial to the mood,
Indulged it still in solitude;
Did as all other poets do,
Shunn'd man, and—no, not woman too;
Referred to Nature and her powers,
And roam'd in fancy round her bowers,
Her mountain solitudes and streams,
To realize my golden dreams;

Sat down beside a pebbled spring,
And listen'd to its murmuring;
Or paced amid the forests deep,
Or o'er the cliff, or by the steep,
And down upon the sandy shore,
To harken to the billows' roar,
That 'mid the storm sometimes did rise
In surging music to the skies.
I wandered at the twilight grey,
To catch the parting voice of day;
To watch the moon with glancing eye
Look through the blue immensity;
And see the twinkling stars appear,
Remote, and dimly seen, and near;
When all, except the nightingale,
Were hush'd in bower, and wood, and vale,—
'Tis vain! 'tis vain!—I cast my eyes
To man and all his sympathies,
To the proud thoughts and passions strong
That rage the myriad host among;
To all the varied hopes and fears,
The strife, the agony, the tears,
Of mortal kind;—alas! 'tis vain,
And fancy back recoils again;
Droops o'er the waste of former hours,
And, baffled, mourns her faded powers!

Yes, baffled, yes, thou imp! for though
To thee 'tis true I something owe
Of thought, and serious musing,
And abstractions not more deep than bland;
Yet, when I cast the backward glance
To days of boyhood and romance,
And trace them upward to the present,
When matters are not quite so pleasant,
I'd rather be as I have been,
When life, and hope, and all were green,
Than go, as I must go, I fear,
Before my time into 'the sere
And yellow leaf,' as Shakespeare says,
In one of his more serious plays.
Yes, what are all these toys to me,
Now I have got an eye to see?
These airy phantoms, though so sooth,
When once one comes to know the truth
What matters it if people think
One scribbles with Castalian ink?
Or that the vellum post one uses
Is gilt and hot-press'd like the Muses'!
Alas! alas! the truth will come,
To make one feel a little glum,
When, after years of idle dreaming,
Hopes, fears, contrivances, and scheming,
Ambitious visions, and what not,
To make one loathe one's common lot,
We wake with morals half perverted,
And sigh o'er truths with which we flirted,
Until it be too late to mend,
Unless by chance we've got—a friend.

You think I rave—well, as you please:
God send my mind was more at ease!
But know'st thou not the secret cause?
Alas! 'tis not as once it was.
Have I not staked my every chance,
Youth, strength, powers, fame, and aye, per-
chance,
A very fair inheritance,
For all thy honied smiles and graces,
Thy syren spells and mock embraces?
Have I not forfeited for this
A handsome average of bliss?
And lost, by being over nice,
My hopes for thee, thou cockatrice!
Have I not left the path in which
So many other knaves grow rich,
The sober path of matters real,
For matters flimsy and ideal?
The calm, pains-taking, thrifty course,
For one—I can't say how much worse!
What though the former be but plain,
Be nought for love, and all for gain,
Dry, formal, stiff, and but so so,
'Tis heaven to this, as matters go;
'Tis heaven to earth with those who find,
As I do, things not to their mind,
And wish, and wish, and wish with me,
Thou wast at bottom of the sea!
Have I not cause? E'en as I write
I curse thee and my awkward plight,
Nay, more than awkward—somewhat sad—
Enough to drive the devil mad.
Here am I like a thing impasted,
With mind perverted, talents wasted;
With feelings almost dead and cold,
And hopes for ever growing old;
Enjoyments without joy, and pleasure
To be reflected on at leisure;
A sense that's neither bold nor shy,
But settles down to apathy;
A way of feeling less acutely,
But then, of judging more minutely;
Of pondering this, and that adjusting,
Divested of its formal crusting;

Of turning oft the inward look,
And searching there as in a book
Of curious type and learned lore;—
With many other methods more.
And then, perchance, I think of thee,
And then I feel a wish to be—
Aye, yes, to be like others stirring,
Without this sighing and demurring;
To hold my own and proper place
With others in this motley race;
To wrestle with the world, and take
My share of wine, and oil, and cake;
In short, to feel and know enjoyment,
By having what I want—employment;
That want which is the source of all
My grief, converting it to gall;
The very cause of all my care,
And sometimes, as I think—despair!

The truth must out!—Come nearer yet!
Remember'st thou those locks of jet,
Those glossy locks of which I spoke
Some time ago? Nay, 'twas no joke;
No trick of fancy or of thine
To conjure up that dream divine.
The truth must out!—I say, dost thou
Remember them, and that fair brow,
O'er which in shadowy grace they fell,
Like—aye, just like the ocean swell?
Remember'st thou those eyes of blue,
And those dark silken lashes, too?
That cheek so pale, save when a tint
Of virgin rose came blushing in 't?
Dost thou remember them? Dost thou
Not own the sweet remembrance, now!

Pshaw! plague on thee! why should I tell
Of thoughts that all so sacred dwell
Within my breast? Why should I speak
Of happiness I've yet to seek?
Of love, that whispers vainly still,
'Mid mutual prospects, cold and chill?
Of mutual wishes, mutual fears,
The hope that comes and disappears,
When reason, with obtrusive mien,
Steps with its icy glance between,
And points to each how sad and vain
The selfish joy that's bought with pain!
I hear a voice—'tis soft and low;
I hear a sigh—too well I know
Why that young sigh is half suppress'd,
And stifled in its balmy nest:
Too well, dear S., too well I feel
The love that thou must half conceal
Before a father's watchful eye,
Till time shall give it sanctity.
Alas! and now from me thou art
E'en as a banished thing apart,
A wanderer on a distant shore,
With hopes and fears unknown before,
And sorrows that, from day to day,
Upon thy gentle cheek do prey,
To make mine own more sad and deep,
As though I could not choose but weep.

Yet, should we drop? It may not be,—
Far other thoughts have come to me;
Ideas that, like a second spring,
Of roses round my heart do cling,
And bid me from my slumber wake,
E'en for thy young affection's sake,
I feel once more my soul expand
Into a sort of fairy land;
Once more I feel my hopes arise,
Exalted, as 'mid cloudless skies;
I feel a strength unknown before;
A power increasing more and more;
A buoyancy of heart and mind,
That leaves the lagging fear behind,
And whispers that, for all the past,
Thou shalt be mine—be mine at last!

But as for thee, thou Circean thing!
Thou cause of all my wandering,
Woes, fancies, errors, and those tears
Unwept, and wept, for many years,—
I give thee up, I give the to
The—but, no matter, just now, who!
From this time forth I mean to be
No longer fooled, thou jade! by thee;
To dream no dreams but such as may
Be dreamt along the common way;
Begin the world afresh, and try
To make amends for years gone by;
Turn—let me see—a lawyer, or,
It may be, a philosopher,
Or politician, and indite
Some sober pamphlet—if I write,
In which I'll throw a little learning,
To show my parts to the discerning,
Or prove, to clearest demonstration,
The good and evil in the nation,
That—but I'll stop, and, for the rest,
It's quite a secret in my breast!

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged by the friendly interest evinced by A. Y. Z., of St. Mary-la-bonne: and in reply to his Note, beg to assure him, that whatever may be the feelings of his particular circle, the general expression of opinion as to the measure to which he adverts, is that of decided approbation. As the power of producing the greatest good for the greatest number is the standard by which we judge of the value of opinions or measures in politics; so the capacity of affording the greatest degree of useful pleasure to the widest circle is the standard by which we regulate our preference in literature. A. Y. Z. will perhaps be surprised to learn, that at least nine tenths of the whole circle to whose gratification we endeavour to administer, have given unequivocal proofs of their approval, and with this result we are of course content.

We shall be glad to receive, from HYDENKIS, the unpublished Poem of Mr. Wolfe's, of which he is in possession.

In answer to the Note of E. H. C. from Portland Place, we beg to state that the wish of the party of young persons there expressed shall have attention, and the Melody of Moore's be placed in the hands of some French Poet, for the purpose intended, if any one can be found bold enough to undertake it.

We take this occasion to announce that measures have been taken to secure a Series of Sketches of Foreign Authors, similar to those now given in our pages of English ones, which will be entered on as soon as practicable.

The proposition of SEMING will be submitted to J. L. B.: and if his consent be obtained, the Translations will be given. Mr. Otley's Engravings in our next.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

In the press, A Comprehensive Grammar of the German Language, on a New Plan, condensed on two Synoptical Tables. By W. Klauer Klatschky, late Professor of German in the Noble Accademia Ecclesiastica in Rome; Member of the Arcadian, &c., 6, Poland-street, Regent-street.

Messrs. Westley and Davis are about to publish a juvenile Annual, to be entitled *The Evergreen*. It is to be edited by a Lady.

Mr. Allan Cunningham will shortly publish the first of a series of annual volumes, to be called *The Anniversary*, or Poetry and Prose for 1829. It will be under the superintendence of Mr. Sharpe.

Prospectus of a Dictionary in Bengalee and English, by Tarachand Chukrubartee, a young Brahmin of excellent talents and education, formerly Native Translator to 'The Calcutta Journal,' of Mr. Buckingham. Although Mr. John Mendie's Abridgement of Johnson's Dictionary of Bengalee has proved very useful, both to European gentlemen studying the Bengalee Language, and to Native English students; yet the want of a Dictionary in Bengalee and English, of a portable size and moderate price, has been long felt and complained of. To supply this desideratum, a compilation from Ranchunder Shurmaz's Ubhidhan has been undertaken, with the advice of some respectable European, as well as Native gentlemen. The work will be carefully revised by a respectable European gentleman, of well known abilities in both languages.

The volume will be printed on European paper, in a neat style, at the Baptist Mission Press, Circular Road. It will contain from 200 to 250 pages, 12mo., in boards. The price to Subscribers has been fixed at four rupees a copy.

Subscribers' Names will be received at the Baptist Mission Press; and by the Translator.

Calcutta, Aug. 10th, 1826.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Geography and History, by a Lady, 4s. 6d.
Smith's Domestic Altar, a six weeks' course of morning and evening Prayers, 5s.
Letters to a Young Person, 7s. 6d.
Buchanan on the Organ of Hearing, royal 8vo., 14s.
Edmonstone on the Cow-pox, 8vo., 6s.
Loudon's Gardener's Magazine, No. XI.
Naval and Military Magazine, No. V.
Quarterly Magazine and Review, No. XXXV.
Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Personages of Great Britain, Part XXX.
Le Bas's Considerations on Miracles, small 8vo., 6s.
Oxford University Calendar for the year 1828, 6s.
Debreit's Peerage, a new and improved edition, with a New Set of Plates, 2 vols., 28s.
Rutter's Gradations in Spelling and Reading, 1s.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 29.—On Friday last, W. A. Frances, of Trinity College, was elected University Scholar on Lord Craven's foundation.
OXFORD, MARCH 1.—On Tuesday last, the Rev. Philip Wynter, B.D., Fellow of St. John's College, was elected President of that Society, in the room of the late Dr. Marlow.
The election for Proctors came on last Wednesday. The gentlemen elected were the Rev. W. A. Bouvier, M.A., Fellow of Merton College, and the Rev. C. L. Swainson, Fellow of St. John's College.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

At the annual general meeting last Wednesday, the following proprietors were elected members of the company:
Viscount Sandon, M.P.
Thomas Denman, Esq., Common Sergeant.
James Loch, Esq., M.P.
And G. G. De Hochepele Larpet, Esq., as Auditor.
The following Professors have recently been appointed:
Augustus De Morgan, Esq., of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Mathematics.
Don Antonio Alea Galiano, Professor of the Spanish Language and Literature.
Antonio Panizzi, LL.D. of the University of Parma, Professor of the Italian Language and Literature.
Dr. John Borthwick Gilchrist, Professor of Hindostanee.

NOTICE.

TO THE EDITORS OF COUNTRY PAPERS.

The next Number of THE ATHENÆUM will complete the Thirteen Numbers engaged to be forwarded, free of cost, to the Editors of Country Papers, in return for the insertion of the Advertisement respecting this Publication. It is requested, therefore, that those Editors who may desire its further dispatch to them, will give orders to their own News Agents or Correspondents in town, for its supply in the usual manner: and as the number of copies printed is kept as close as possible to the actual sale, it will be necessary that such orders be given early, to prevent disappointment in the supply.

In 8vo., price 30s., the first two of 4 vo s. of
THE LIFE OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE.
By WILLIAM HAZLITT.
Printed for Hunt and Clarke, York-street.

JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

This Day is published, price 2l. 2s. in cloth,

A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.
IN which the Words are deduced from their originals, and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best Writers; to which are prefixed a History of the Language and an English Grammar. By SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D. Stereotyped verbatim from the Last Edition corrected by the Doctor.
London: printed for J. O. Robinson, 42, Poultry.

This day is published, price One Shilling, No. II. (New Series) of
THE SPIRIT AND MANNERS OF THE AGE,
a Christian and Literary Miscellany. CONTENTS: Cockney Biography—Leigh Hunt's Lord Byron and his Contemporaries—The Poacher—The Poachers' Customers—Invocation to Night—The Poisoned Cup, by James Edmonstone, Esq.—Best Wishes—Self Abasement consistent with true dignity—Anti-Slavery Album, Nos. 7 and 8—Sketches, No. 2—St. Thomas's Hospital, by G. F. Richardson, Esq.—Christian Warfare, by Charlotte Elizabeth—The Prophetic—Flowers—The Mother—The Evangelical Talismant—Reviews: Hicber's Narrative—Angelo's Reminiscences—Miss Strickland's Seven Ages of Women and other Poems—Arnott's Elements of Physics, &c.—Ormes's Discourses on the Blasphemy against the Holy Spirit—Fine Arts: The British Institution—Engravings—Sculpture.
London: printed for P. Westley and A. H. Davis, 10, Stationer's court and Ave Maria-lane.

AUTHORS, ARTISTS, STATESMEN AND KINGS, &c.

THE First of a Series of Characteristic Sketches of the following: Contemporary Personages will appear in No. XII. (March) of the LONDON WEEKLY REVIEW: Lord Godolphin—Sir Edward, Codrington—Mr. Herries—Sir Walter Scott—Lord Normanby—T. Campbell—Sir William Knignton—T. Moore—Duke of Wellington—Lord Holland—Mr. Brougham—Coleridge—Marquis of Lansdowne—Mr. Huskisson—Lord Levison Gower—Lady Caroline Lamb—Mr. Shiel—Lord Dudley—Lady Charlotte Bury—Lord Ellenborough—Mr. Martin (the painter)—Prince Metternich—Hallem—Mr. Barnes—Mr. Black—Sir Thomas Laurence—Prince Coligny—Rothschild—D'Israeli—Wilkie—Hogg (the Ettrick Shepherd)—Turner (the painter)—Charles X.—Peter Finkel—Sir H. Davy—Ugo Foscolo—Galt—Lord Byron—Lockhart—Wilson (of Blackwood's Magazine)—Jeffrey—Croly—Ferdinand of Spain—Southey—The late Grand Inquisition of Spain—Lord Eldon—Wilson (the painter)—Allan Cunningham—Craabe—Lord John Russell—Emperor of Austria—Lady Morgan Beckford (of Pontiliff)—Lord Spencer—Bowles—Miss Jane Porter—Prince Esterhazy—Marquis of Hertford—John Murray—Henry Colburn—William Jordan—Miss Landon—Jeremy Bentham—Wordsworth—Joseph Hunt—Haydon—Emperor of Russia—John Bowring—Sir James Mackintosh—Godwin—William Hazlitt—Lord Stowell—Blackwood—Washington Irving—Joseph Hume—Mr. Peele—W. Roscoe—Leigh Hunt—Water Savage Lander—Mrs. Hemans—Bishop Heber—Theodore Hook—Mons. de Villèle—Emperor of Brazil—King of Holland—His present Majesty George the Fourth—and many other distinguished characters.—F. C. Westley, 159, Strand.

THE ORIENTAL HERALD for MARCH, conducted by J. S. BUCKINGHAM, contains, among other Articles, equally interesting to Oriental and General Readers—Evils resulting to Great Britain from the East India Company's Monopoly—Statue to the Memory of the late Stephen Babington—Letter of Mr. Babington's Successor—Woman's Friendship—Inquiry into the Right or Justice of the Punishment of Death—Kindred Minds—Sir Edward East's suggested Reforms in India—Lines to R. J. W. M.—Travels in Italy, No. I.—The Censorship of the Press in India—Memnon—Nunna Pompilius and Egeria—Journey from Madras to Bombay, No. VIII.—The Death-charge of Mahonnal—Chinese Drama—Junius Brutus—Expedition from India to Egypt—Bishop Heber to his Wife—Summary Commitment for Constructive Contempts of Parliament, &c.—The Missioner—Recent Travels in the Cyrenaica—The Snow-Drop—Judgment of the King's Judges at Calcutta on Registering the Indian Stamp Act—Lines addressed to a Young Lady—Mexico, or New Spain—Classification of the Languages of Asia—Medal to the Troops who served in Ava—Song—Trial of Captain Dillon—Lines on the Death of Mr. Canning—Suppression of the Prince of Wales's Island Gazette—General News from Madras and Bengal—Appeal to the Editor from an unknown Correspondent at Bombay, with Notes by the Editor—Civil and Military Appointments, Promotions, and Changes in India—Births, Marriages, and Deaths—Shipping Intelligence: Arrivals from Eastern Ports, Arrivals in Eastern Ports, and Departures from Europe—General List of Passengers—Notices to Correspondents, &c. &c.
Printed for the Proprietors, and sold by W. LEWIS, at the Office, No. 147, Strand, near Somerset House.

MITCHELL'S TOM TELESCOPE.—Most beautifully printed, and embellished with 48 Cuts, price 3s. boards.

THE NEWTONIAN SYSTEM OF PHILOSOPHY EXPLAINED BY FAMILIAR OBJECTS, in an interesting manner; for the Use of Young Persons.—By TOW TELESCOPE, A.M. A new and improved Edition, containing all the recent Discoveries in the different departments of Natural Philosophy. BY JAMES MITCHELL, Harborough, Editor of "The Portable Encyclopedia," and Author of "The First Link of Science." Chiswick: printed by Messrs. Whittingham, for Thos. Tegg, Cheap-side; and sold by N. Hailes, Piccadilly; and R. Griffin and Co., Glasgow.

HOWARD'S WALKER'S DICTIONARY IMPROVED.—In one large vol. duodecimo, containing four hundred pages, closely printed double columns, price 4s. 6d. boards, or 5s. bound, of

WALKER'S CRITICAL PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY, and EXPOSITOR of the ENGLISH LANGUAGE, arranged for the Use of Schools, in which the meaning of every Word is clearly explained, and the Sound of every Syllable distinctly shown, exhibiting the Principles of a pure and correct Pronunciation; to which is added, a short Dictionary of Latin, French, Italian, and Spanish Phrases. By ALFRED HOWARD, Editor of the Beauties of Literature, &c. This Work is particularly recommended to Foreigners and others, desirous of acquiring a pure and correct pronunciation of the English Language.
London: Printed for Thomas Tegg, No. 73, Cheap-side, and sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

TEGG'S NEW CHRONOLOGY, CORRECTED TO THE PRESENT TIME.—Closely printed in one volume, duodecimo, price 6s. in extra boards.

THE NEW CHRONOLOGY; or Historian's Companion: being an authentic Register of Events, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time, comprehending an Epitome of Universal History, with a copious List of the most Eminent Men in all Ages of the World. The Third Edition. By THOMAS TEGG, Editor of "The Young Man's Book of Knowledge."

'Tegg's Chronology contains a vast quantity of well-arranged and condensed information: it is one of the best books of the kind we have met with.'—*John Bull*.
London: printed for the Editor; and sold by R. Griffin and Co., Glasgow, and all Booksellers.

POPULAR WORKS

Just published by HENRY COLBURN, New Burlington-street,
THIRD SERIES OF SAYINGS AND DOINGS,

In 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
Full of wise saws and modern instances.'—*Shakespeare*.
LORD BYRON and SOME of HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By LEIGH HUNT. With Portraits and Fac-similes.
'Tis for slaves to lie, and for freemen to speak truth.'—*Montaigne*.

ITALY AS IT IS. Narrative of an English Family's residence for three years in that country. By the Author of "Four Years in France." 8vo., 14s.

THE MUMMY; a Tale of the Twenty-second Century; second edition, 3 vols., post 8vo., 28s. 6d.
THE HISTORY OF GEORGE GODFREY. Related by Himself. In 3 vols. post 8vo.

TWO YEARS IN NEW SOUTH WALES. By P. CUNNINGHAM, Esq., M.N. Third Edition, Revised, with a Map. In 3 vols., post 8vo., 18s.

Mr. Cunningham's "Two Years in New South Wales," is the best book of general information that has been written upon that interesting country.—*Monthly Magazine*.

And in a few days will be ready,
THE KUZILBASHI. A Tale of Khorasan. 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF JOHN LEDYARD, (the African Traveller), from his Journals and Correspondence. Now first published, in 1 vol., post 8vo., 10s. 6d.

THE MAN OF TON. A Satire. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
THE NIGHT-WATCH, or Tales of the Sea. 2 vols. post 8vo., 18s.

THE DIARY OF THOMAS BURTON, Esq., a MEMBER in the PARLIAMENTS of the PROTECTORS, OLIVER and RICHARD CROMWELL, from 1656 to 1659, now first published from the original Autograph Manuscript, in the possession of William Upcott, of the London Institution. Interspersed with several curious Documents and Notices, Historical and Biographical. By JOHN TOWILL RUTT, Esq. In 4 vols. post 8vo., with Plates.

This work serves to fill up that chasm so long existing in our Parliamentary History; the new facts and arguments contained in it especially develop the project of Cromwell for the assumption of the Royal dignity; the real extent of his power as Protector; the manner of his Administration, and the rapid decline and speedy extinction of that power under the short Protectorate of his Son.

PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE IRISH REBELLION of 1798. By CHARLES HAMILTON TERLING. 8vo., 9s. 6d.

THE THIRD VOLUME OF LONDON'S IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS OF LITERARY MEN AND STATESMEN. 8vo.
MEMOIRALS OF SHAKESPEARE, or Sketches of his Character and Genius. By Various Writers. Collected and edited, with a Preface and Notes, by NATHAN DRAKE, M.D., &c. Forming a valuable accompaniment to every edition of the Poet. 8vo.
THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S NARRATIVE OF THE LATE WAR IN SPAIN AND PORTUGAL. 4to., with Maps and Plans.

SALATHIEL: a Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future. 3 vols.

London: Printed and Published every Tuesday and Friday morning, by WILLIAM LEWIS, at the Office, 147, Strand, near Somerset House. Sold also by JAMES RIDGWAY, 149, Piccadilly; WILLIAM JOY, St. Paul's Church-yard; WILLIAM MANSIE, 137, Oxford-street, near Holles-street; ERYINGHAM WILSON, Royal Exchange; EDWARD WILKMER, Liverpool; F. COOPER, Bristol; BELL and BRADY, Edinburgh; SMITH and SON, Glasgow; JOHN CUMMING, Dublin; and by all Booksellers and Newsmen throughout the United Kingdom. Price 7s.; or for circulation, (post free,) 10s.